# The New REPUBLIC

## A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1932 NUMBER 923


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## The Week

ANYONE who picks up a newspaper these days is likely to see a whole page, or at least a column, made up of cheerful dispatches from many sections of the country about the state of business. This plant has opened, that mill has taken on more hands, there prices have risen. Of course evidence of this kind proves exactly nothing. If a scientific attempt were being made to get at the facts, the papers would use just as much effort to discover the factories shutting down, laying off men, or going bankrupt, and would print the news in parallel columns. When a sufficiently large and representative sample of all kinds of cases had been amassed, the results would be averaged and given us in tabular form. As a matter of fact, that is just what happens in the preparation of economic statistics. The figures tell the story—as they did in the The New York Times, which after a week of good news printed its usual index of business activity showing that during the preceeding seven days there had been no average rise from the record low of the depression. Watch the figures electric power consumption. These and similar tables will eventually reveal whether we are experiencing another "psychology" drive or the beginning of a revival. We are morally certain, at least, that the press is making a conscious effort to put the best possible face on things.

CONCERNING one variety of economic improvement alone, there is little doubt about the facts, though there is doubt whether the causes behind the facts are such as to indicate a lasting tendency. Prices of certain commodities and of shares have been going up for several weeks. Almost the first trend of the kind was noted in the case of hogs. But a rise in hog prices is to be expected at this time of year because of seasonal influences. It is, of course, possible that production of certain commodities has been so restricted by the depression that a real shortage has developed. That is notoriously not the case with wheat or cotton. Perhaps speculators, having at last become convinced that prices are not likely to go lower, are buying for a rise. If so, the eventual outcome depends on the soundness of their judgment. In any case it is well to remember that rising prices are not the whole story. They may lessen the toll of bankruptcies, but unless they stimulate more industrial activity they cannot bring a revival. It is because they are supposed to stimulate production and consumption that rising prices are regarded as an element of hope by economists. Again, the real test will come in the statistics of output, employment and trade. So far, all that can be said is that a market which has risen several points above its all-time low is slightly more hopeful than one which has continued to fall.

LAST week the newspapers of the nation reverberated with reports of a "great Communist plot against the banks." We were told that these Communists were going from city to city spreading rumors against the solvency of banks, inducing their depositors to withdraw funds and forcing the banks to close, all in the supposed interest of shaking the faith of the bourgeoisie in the capitalist system. While these reports may be true, we think the chances are about a hundred to one that they are a deliberate falsehood. In the first place, the

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sabotage of this sort. In the second place, the documents supposedly seized in the hotel room of the mysterious "Bowman" bear every earmark of being clumsy police forgeries; the letterheads seem spurious and the text is written, not in radical jargon, but in the slang of the underworld. In the third place, it would obviously be worth millions of dollars to the banks to have such rumors circulated, so that they could reply to all questions regarding their stability, "That's just another Communist plot." In the fourth place, it is stated that an active part was taken in the affair by Harry A. Jung of the American Vigilance Intelligence Federation, of Chicago, one of the least reliable of all the professional superpatriots. Finally, it must be said that Communists don't need to circulate rumors in order to cause American banks to fail. More than 4,000 of them have gone under since 1929, owing to the incompetence or dishonesty of the bankers and the archaic and inadequate banking laws of the nation and the states.

A TRAINED newspaper man in Washington, who found himself in the rear of the B.E.F. during the recent battle, writes us about his experiences:

> A block away on Pennsylvania Avenue, the federals, cavalry, tanks and infantry, were marching and counter-marching. They spent perhaps thirty minutes taking up positions. The offensive began with a tear-gas bomb attack on a half-demolished brick garage, which was cleaned out in about ten minutes. Then, to my astonishment and acute rage, a little chap in uniform wearing a gas mask and followed by perhaps three squads of infantry, similarly masked, came crouching and dodging over towards where I was standing and tossed a tear gas bomb at me. It made me mad as hell for about a minute. A man behind me picked up the bomb and tossed it back. (I found out afterwards a lot of gas bombs were defective.)
>
> I suppose there were about 400 of us standing in one group. I thought for certain the men would at least stand their ground. The gas was not particularly bad. It made you cry and gave you a sharp headache for about five minutes. But not a single man (at least that I saw) waited for the federals to come the last fifty feet where we were standing. Everyone took to flight.
>
> Of course there wasn't very much you could do, except get yourself arrested. But it seemed to me at the time that it was absolutely essential that the men stand where they were. That is, essential for their own spirit.
>
> I retreated towards 3½ Street with what dignity I could (very little, of course). At 3½ Street, to my confusion, a couple of other fellows and I got charged by a troop of cavalry with drawn sabres. That is something to write home about. A lot of lousy soldiers just makes you mad, but I'm scared to death of horses.
>
> It was perfectly obvious that the bonus army members were going to put up no sort of a show whatever. In the crowd (probably 2,000 altogether) I must have seen fifty or seventy-five men walking about saying: "The Lord will avenge us," and "This will strengthen our cause." Tears of course were streaming down their faces and the general effect was that of aggrieved children. Personally I'm convinced that the whole temper of the bonus army is that of a Baptist camp meeting. Mr. Hoover is an evil man who is disobeying the commands of God in not giving them a bonus. Their reasoning proceeds thus: The flag is sacred; they fought for the flag; therefore some of the sacredness of the flag has been transmitted to them; this sacredness not only exists but is recognized by the "real" America which wants to give them a bonus; Mr. Hoover is frustrating this desire of the real America; consequently Mr. Hoover is trying to defile sacred things; consequently Mr. Hoover is an evil man who, in God's good time will receive his just deserts. Now you can't make a revolution out of that.
>
> I was immensely interested to watch the technique of the federals. Douglas MacArthur was in personal command, and did, technically, a swell job. It was a little comic. The infantry attacked from the west end of the block. The cavalry, deployed on the east of the block, swept the crowd down side streets and broke it into small groups. That was the strategy. In order to have these various enveloping movements carried out with precision, however, it was necessary to keep contact between the cavalry and infantry. Accordingly a mounted dispatch bearer would ride furiously about seventy-five feet over to the infantry, salute, wheel around and gallop seventy-five feet back, reining in his horse with a great shower of dust and stones. At least a dozen messages were interchanged in about fifteen minutes in this way. It would have been simpler, of course, for the commander of the cavalry to yell, "Hey, Bill," to the commander of the infantry, but it wouldn't have been so military. A scouting plane circled constantly overhead during the engagement. MacArthur was broken-hearted because he had no chance to use his whippet tanks.
>
> I watched the Battle of Camp Marks from a distance. Burning the wretched huts of the poor devils seemed the farthest north in calculated meanness.
>
> As an amateur political theorist, however, I learned a lot. Force is the basis of the state, and I am of the opinion it is a very secure basis, too. I was always inclined to think that Hobbes was the smartest and wisest of political philosophers, and I am now more convinced of it than ever.

OF THE character of the men involved, the tactics used by the Army, and the conclusion he

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MAYOR Walker of New York has put Governor Roosevelt in a difficult political position. The Mayor's reply to the charges filed against him by Judge Seabury on behalf of the Hofstadter Committee is such a feeble and inadequate affair that in the general opinion it leaves Mr. Roosevelt little choice except to remove him from office. Even Mayor Walker evidently shares this view; for he has let it be known that if he is deposed, he intends to seek the Democratic nomination for Governor this autumn. Political gossip, which is usually reliable in these affairs, says that Tammany Hall is

and surprising ambition, and that he has at least a fighting chance of winning the nomination. No one supposes that he could be elected Governor; he would probably give the state to the Republicans, and by doing so he might easily cost Mr. Roosevelt the presidency. In other words, his candidacy for the gubernatorial chair is a plain piece of political blackmail: "Oust me and I'll do my best to lose you the national election." Yet if Roosevelt should yield to this pressure, and leave the Mayor in office, he will break the hearts of many of his supporters in the West and possibly lose some states which would otherwise go to him. The moral of the Governor's predicament is that he should have had the courage to turn Walker out months ago. He won at Chicago without Tammany's aid; indeed, he would probably have won even more easily if he had repudiated and defied Tammany by putting Walker out of the place for which he is so conspicuously unfit. As is so often the case, his temporizing has put him into grave danger, and has been worth to him exactly nothing.

ANOTHER miner accused of taking part in the Evarts battle in Harlan County, Kentucky, has been convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. Though already acquitted of killing one deputy, Chester Poore was retried for the murder of another. The jury in the first trial was drawn from Laurel County, close to the mining region. Realizing that it would be difficult to gain convictions from juries drawn from nearby districts, the prosecution has now arranged to have the juries drawn from the Blue-Grass section, where most of the farmers are hostile to the miners. It was a Blue-Grass jury which convicted Poore at his second trial. William Hudson, whose trial starts this week, will have his fate decided by a similar jury. Meanwhile taxpayers of Harlan County are beginning to protest against the cost of the trials, and friends of the defendants charge that they are being rushed through with little concern for justice or fair play. The General Defense Committee (555 West Lake Street, Chicago) has been carrying the cost of the defense, but its treasury is almost empty and it is making frantic appeals for funds.

MOST Americans rest comfortably under the delusion that, since the passage of the federal Pure Food and Drug Act, and the creation of state and municipal departments of health throughout the country, they are reasonably well safeguarded as to food and drugs. How delusive is this notion is shown by the history of "Koremlu," a product which most people would assume to be under the federal law, though in fact it is not. "Koremlu" is a depilatory cream which contains a varying percentage of thallium acetate, which is described by the American Medical Association as "a virulent poison." In the Journal of the A.M.A. for July 30 appears a list of thirteen cases of which one or more persons are said to have been made ill, some of them dangerously, from the use of "Koremlu." The manufacturers of the product have, in fact, failed, with assets of $2.93 and liabilities of about two and a half million dollars, nearly all of which is potential loss in damage suits brought by persons injured through using the product. The American Medical Association issued warning against "Koremlu," and so has Consumers' Research; yet so far as we can learn, neither the federal government nor any state or city, except San Francisco, has taken any action to prevent its sale. In New York, for instance, Health Commissioner Wynne, when told of the illnesses caused elsewhere by "Koremlu," argued that New York was not concerned with what happened outside the city, and authorized its sale, after insisting that it be labelled "for external use only"—as though people were likely to eat a depilatory cream! New York's endorsement, of course, was used throughout the country by the manufacturers to counteract the effects of criticism by the American Medical Association and Consumers' Research. Incidentally, the fact that the firm has now failed is no guarantee that the product will be withdrawn from the market; it is quite customary, in these circles, to go out of business today and start up tomorrow under another name. It is clear that we need a new technique in these matters if the public is to receive in fact the protection which it now fatuously supposes that it enjoys.

GOVERNOR Roosevelt's speech on the radio, while it consisted principally in quotations from the Democratic platform, has thrown a little light on the interpretation which he proposes to give to that self-contradictory document. He sticks by the plank against remitting war debts, but he proposes to make possible the collection of these debts by tariff revision which will allow more European exports to the United States. This is at least an intelligent recognition of the fact that we cannot at the same time remain a creditor nation and have an export surplus. It would be interesting to know in more detail what he proposes to do in order to reverse the balance of trade which has existed so many years. Apparently he does not expect to let in foreign products which are cheaper in cost due to a lower standard of living abroad. That is his interpretation of the tariff plank. He must, therefore, find goods made more efficiently abroad than here, by workers whose standard of living is as high as the American, in order to increase imports. Failing enough imports of this nature, he must look forward to a greatly diminished export of wheat, cotton, hogs, automobiles and many other commodities. How would he save the industries in question from disaster? Has he a scheme for sufficiently increasing domestic consumption of these articles? It is difficult to see how he could have, at least in

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ON PAGE 335 of this issue, Paul Blanshard, in his reply to Matthew Josephson's article on Norman Thomas, challenges The New Republic to define its attitude in the presidential campaign. This challenge will be accepted in an editorial to appear next week.

# Bullets for the B. E. F.: Hoover Relief, New Style

THE STORY of the Bonus Army is a complicated one; and for the sake of clarity we shall comment upon several of its aspects separately.

## I. Why They Came

The New Republic is opposed to the soldier's bonus as class legislation, extorted under threat of reprisals from Congressmen, most of whom did not themselves believe it was either expedient or just. We feel that aside from actual victims of disease or wounds, and their families, no veteran has any claim which is more valid than that of any other American citizen; that the government ought to see to it that no man or woman in this country starves, regardless of war service or the lack of it. We deplore the demagoguery which brought some of the veterans to Washington and kept many of them there prior to the adjournment of Congress.

But the actual significance of the B.E.F. is not a march for the bonus so much as it is a march of the unemployed. This was truly another Coxey's Army. These men came to Washington because they had nowhere else to go, nothing else to do, and were as willing to starve on the road as in the streets of the cities they once called home. When Mr. Hoover insisted that they leave Washington, he had no alternative to propose. In effect, he said to them: "You are breaking my heart; go away and starve somewhere else, out of my sight." For many weary years, The New Republic has been urging the enactment of nation-wide unemployment insurance and federal employment exchanges. Had these existed, as they exist today in every other country on earth which can support any claim to be called civilized, we should have seen no B.E.F.—just as no other country has seen such a thing. But instead, Mr. Hoover and the Republican party have clung to their archaic ideas of rugged individualism. Tear-gas and cavalry sabres, property stolen and burned, the corpses of the murdered William Hushka and Erie Carlson are the ironic epilogue to the era of rugged individualism so far as the ex-soldiers are concerned.

## II. Eviction and Murder

From the time that the veterans first encamped in Washington, all sensible people realized that the situation there was one which might end in catastrophe. President Hoover was warned, a hundred times, that this was the case and that, since he had chosen to take personal responsibility in the situation, he should act promptly and firmly to end the danger. But characteristically, for weeks he could not make up his mind to act at all. Then after waiting until Congress was no longer in session, so that he was free from the danger of investigation, he acted with inexcusable and wholly unnecessary violence. If you grant that the ex-soldiers should eventually have been removed from their rookeries on Pennsylvania Avenue, there was no reason for any such frantic haste as the authorities displayed at the end. There was no reason why the removal could not have been made piecemeal. It was absolutely outrageous that these men, many accompanied by their wives and children, should have been driven out without being given any place to go. Even if none of these things were true, and if it be conceded that, the police having proved themselves helpless, it was legitimate to call in the United States Army—an assumption which is open to the gravest question—it was unforgivably stupid and cruel to let the troops employ full military equipment, including tear-gas bombs. Any commander with an ounce of imagination, sense and humor would have sent in the police, without firearms, plus only infantry to whom had been issued no bombs, bayonets or ammunition. The ultimate purposes would have been served exactly as well, without the disgraceful scenes which culminated in two veterans' being killed; the public tension would have been ten times less and public sympathy in Washington would not be, as it appears to be today, strongly in favor of the veterans.

But whatever justification there may have been for clearing out the ex-soldiers from Pennsylvania Avenue, there is absolutely none for what followed at Anacostia. The land where the main body of the B.E.F. was encamped was not needed for any other purpose; the veterans were harming no one by staying there. The orders which sent the soldiers to Anacostia, routing men, women and children out of bed, drenching them with tear gas, ruthlessly burning their poor shelters and whatever personal property they could not carry on their backs, then driving all of them, cripples, babies, pregnant women, up a steep hill at the point of a bayonet—these were the orders of a furious child who has been thwarted and is raging for revenge. It is profoundly humiliating to every decent American that he must see his government thus persecuting and stealing from these hungry and ragged men whom, fourteen years ago, it did not hesitate to send into the trenches at the risk of death.

## III. The Communists

Having issued orders which killed two veterans, injured hundreds through tear-gas and other means,

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and turned thousands of them out upon the highways, President Hoover proceeded to attack the character of his victims. He issued a series of statements implying that the veterans were largely either criminals or Communists—two categories which in his mind are evidently identical. We do not know how many members of the B. E. F. had "criminal records," nor what those criminal records mean. Poverty, in America, is often enough to get one behind the bars. But we should be surprised if the proportion of genuine criminals among the veterans were much higher than in the population as a whole. Certainly no evidence to the contrary has been advanced.

In regard to the presence of Communists, Mr. Hoover seems to us to have reached his lowest point in connection with the whole affair. If the entire B.E.F. had been made up of Communists, this fact would reflect upon our civilization and not upon the individuals. But the testimony of dozens of observers who possess in varying degrees that spirit of scientific impartiality which is so utterly foreign to the great Anti-Engineer is that radicals in the B.E.F. constituted only an insignificant percentage; that the main body of the veterans, even suffering under stool-pigeon leadership and the advice of *agents provocateurs,* remained pathetically conservative and confident that they would be protected by that flag which they had once been asked to serve with their lives. When Mr. Hoover seizes the popular prejudice against radicalism and uses it to blacken the character of the bonus marchers, he acts in the spirit of a man who would quarrel with his wife about the household bills and, plunging out of doors in anger, would shout to the neighbors false accusations against her personal honor.

### IV. Where Are They Going?

Mr. Hoover's tin-hatted soldiers burned the homes of the veterans, but they did not in any sense solve the problem. Today the remnants of the B.E.F are strung along many miles of highway, in even more desperate plight than before the dispersal. As we write, physical violence is threatened at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and is possible at several other places. Meanwhile, the sinister and concealed motives in the minds of some, at least, of the "respectable" leaders of the veterans are shown by the announcement of a plan for the remnants of the B.E.F. to be made the nucleus for an American Fascist organization, the "Khaki Shirts." There are just enough wealthy Americans who favor Fascism, and are willing to spend money to aid its cause here, to make such a movement extremely dangerous. Hardly less dangerous is the peril that thousands of veterans will become permanently pauperized, will drift along the highways begging for food and shelter.

The federal government has abdicated its re- and rage have first made the problem far worse, and then dumped it upon the states and cities. The way in which they carry their burden will be, in a very real sense, the answer to the charge that the old American spirit of pioneer neighborliness and response in emergency has rotted away with the years.

## Whither Germany?

ALTHOUGH the Reichstag election did not bring to Hitler the victory that he and public opinion expected, it dealt a severe blow to the German Republic and to the democratic idea. The only two parties that gained heavily, the National Socialist (Hitler) party and the Communist party, stand unequivocally opposed to the Weimar Constitution and its institutions. Of the parties supporting the German Republic the Centrist party alone showed a gain, owing to the annihilation of the parties of the Middle.

The National Socialist party is the youngest of the German political organizations. In its first Reichstag election in 1928 it polled 810,100 votes and elected twelve deputies. In the election of 1930 it received 6,401,210 votes and sent 107 men to the national parliament. Last Sunday this vote was increased to 13,800,000, which is 2,400,000 more than the vote cast for Hitler in the first presidential election in March, more than doubling its representation in the Reichstag, which is now 230 deputies.

Contrary to general expectation, the German Nationalist People's (Hugenberg) party has lost 284,000 votes since 1930 and reduced its Reichstag representation by four, despite the fact that the present government consists in the main of its men. The German People's party, the late Stresemann's party, has lost more than a million votes since 1930 and has elected seven instead of the thirty deputies it had in the last Reichstag. Since these parties belong to the Harzburg "National Opposition" for the "regeneration of old Germany," this loss contributes to the numerical defeat of the reactionary front.

The Social Democratic party, which received 7,950,000 votes last Sunday as compared to 8,575,000 in 1930, and decreased its representation from 143 to 133 has, for the first time since the establishment of the Republic, lost its first place. In 1919 it polled a vote of 11,509,000 and elected 165 deputies to the National Constitutional Assembly at Weimar. In addition, the Independent Social Democratic party united 2,317,000 votes on its candidates, electing twenty-two members to this body. Nevertheless it is highly significant for an evaluation of the German political outlook that the forces of class-conscious labor have withstood the Fascist onslaught with unbroken ranks. The combined vote of the two

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tically equal to the 13,500,000 votes polled by the Social Democratic and Communist parties in the election just past. It is evident, in fact, that the radicalization of the German workers is progressing from year to year. The Communist party first participated in national elections in 1920, when it elected four deputies and polled a vote of 589,000. This vote increased in 1924 to 3,693,000 and its representation to sixty-two.

When the Reichstag was dissolved in the same year this party received 2,709,000 votes and the number of its deputies dropped to forty-five. Since this temporary depression, the Communist vote has risen uninterruptedly. In 1928 it had again reached 3,264,000 with fifty-four deputies, in 1930 it rose to 4,590,000 and seventy-seven representatives. Today, with eighty-nine members in the new Reichstag, it will form the third strongest delegation and will hold the balance of power between the nationalist and republican wings, provided the government does not outlaw the Communist party, under some pretext, to ensure a safe anti-republican majority. In the latter event the Nationalist parties would control 280 votes as against 240 generally classified as representing republican interests. It is not unlikely, however, that the Centrist party, despite its republican protestations during the campaign, will come to an understanding with the Papen-Schleicher regime by which it will maintain an attitude of benevolent neutrality, abstaining from votes of confidence, in order to permit the holding of regular Reichstag sessions with the participation of the National Socialists in the government.

For Hitler and his lieutenants the time for decisive steps has come. A mass party made up of the most widely divergent elements and held together by the hope of immediate success cannot be maintained indefinitely with vague promises of future action. Its leader will be faced with the alternative of either giving an unwilling consent to the *Putsch,* demanded by Goebbels, Strasser and others of his followers, or eating his own words that "I have not been fighting for power for the last thirteen years to make a rotten compromise now." The von Papen government, tolerated and secretly supported by the National Socialists as it has been, will be only too willing to coöperate openly with them, coming to a working agreement with the Centrist party to hold itself in power. Dr. Brüning, leader of the organized Catholics and idol of German Democrats, opened the door for such an arrangement when he stated in a speech delivered in Cologne on July 18, that he had decided, long before his removal from the chancellorship, to reorganize his Cabinet with the inclusion of members from the National Socialist and Nationalist People's parties after the close of the Lausanne Conference. It is the tragedy of the German revolution that reactionary elements are always so much more ready to unite for a common goal than are

# The Revolution in South Bend

ON JULY 6, just three weeks before the great Communist bank plot was announced from Pontiac, Michigan, the Hearst newspapers carried reports of another great conspiracy in South Bend, Indiana. This time the Communists were planning to terrorize the Chicago industrial area by bombing manufacturing plants. Leaders of the movement were said to have aroused their followers by promises to bomb the Democratic Convention. A veritable revolution had been prevented by Department of Labor agents. Twenty-eight Communists were being held in Chicago, Gary and South Bend. And the story continued:

> The arrests were made by Murray W. Garsson, special assistant Secretary of Labor, and a picked squad. The first tip-off on the plot reached the Labor Department from officials of the Bendix plant in South Bend. Labor Secretary Doak sent Garsson to the scene immediately. A few bombs were thrown at the Bendix and Studebaker plants before they arrived.
>
> The investigators found the plot was backed by Chicago gangsters who hoped the Communists would terrorize the Midwest industrial leaders. Then the gangsters planned to step in and bring about peace for a price. The Department agents also secured confessions from their prisoners. One admitted sending notes threatening to kidnap the children of Bendix officials.

This story, sent out from Washington by Universal Service, was carried on the front page of The New York American, and presumably appeared in other Hearst newspapers all over the country. It must have produced different effects on hundreds of thousands of readers. Plant executives, trembling with a rage that was partly fear, must have determined to hire new guards and detectives, build climbproof fences round their houses, do anything to foil the radicals. White-collar workers must have had a vision of Communists and gangsters running down Main Street side by side, casting pineapple bombs to the right of them and submachine-gun fire to the left. The unemployed, fishing their morning newspaper out of a trash barrel, must have gained a curious impression of Communist tactics. As for the few readers familiar with those tactics, they were skeptical and puzzled.

One of the fundamental doctrines of the Communist party is its opposition to what it calls "acts of individual terrorism"—that is, to assassination, incendiarism, kidnaping, sabotage (including sabotage by spreading false rumors) and bombing. Personal violence is an element of disorganization; it cannot be subjected to party discipline; it can be turned against the party as easily as against the social order which the party is trying to overthrow. Since Lenin, the approved Communist tactics have been those of mass organization, protest and demand. When you read about people making an *organized* descent upon the authorities to

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can be pretty certain that Communist influence is somewhere present in the affair. When you read of bombs being thrown, it is safe to assume that the Communist party was not responsible.

But what about the revolution in South Bend? Who threw the bombs—if anybody—and who were the Communists arrested by the Department of Labor? From documents now in the possession of the Labor Research Association, the whole curious story can be reconstructed.

South Bend is an industrial city containing several important factories—Studebaker, Bendix Brakes, Oliver Chilled Plow, Singer Sewing Machine, etc. Since 1929, all these have steeply reduced their production schedules. With the growth of unemployment, the workers have been turning radical. The Unemployed Councils are active among them, and three political groups have been making converts: the Communists, the Socialist Labor party and the Proletarian party. The big manufacturers, for their part, are maintaining private police forces to guard their interests.

At Bendix Brakes, this private force was commanded by William Vernon, formerly chief of police for the city. Vernon was eager to ingratiate himself with his superiors, to become, as he said, "a big man." His first step was to hire a certain Gordon Joseph Miller and send him out to spy on the unemployed.

On April 1, in his second report, Miller urged that the factories be well guarded with armed watchmen to prevent disorders. He had learned, so he said, that *the lives of Mr. Bendix and other factory officials were in danger constantly.*

On April 5, Miller reported that throughout South Bend, he heard groups of men talking of blowing up the new fence which Mr. Bendix had built around his house—to protect it from the plots which Miller was unearthing.

On April 25, he reported that the Reds had a truckload of Italian pineapples (bombs) buried somewhere between South Bend and Mishawaka. The bombs were powerful enough to wipe South Bend and Mishawaka "clear off the map." At Elkhart he had heard the statement: "It would be a good thing to have fifty men spread over the city, each with a couple of gallons of high-test gasoline, and at a specified time to throw it on the buildings and set matches to it."

On April 26, he sounded the alarm: "THEY PLAN TO HOLD A REGULAR REVOLUTION."

By this time South Bend society was becoming terrified. The officials not only of Bendix Brakes, but also of Studebaker, Oliver and Singer, took steps to guard their own lives and property. New watchmen were hired for the factories, fences built round their houses, watch kept over their children. Meanwhile Detective Miller continued his reports, each of which was duly transmitted by William Vernon to the Bendix officials. Now Miller is looking for bombs, now listening to threats of death, now learning that Communists and gangsters are in alliance, and now, on May 12, he is watching a bomb in process of manufacture. On June 3, at the Studebaker plant, a bomb actually exploded. On June 4 there was a second explosion, at Bendix Brakes. The Revolution had come! The Communists were rising to seize power!

In a state of complete panic, the city politicians and plant officials telephoned Washington for rescue. They asked that the whole United States army, or at the very least a regiment of Marines, be sent by train and airplane to South Bend. Instead, the government sent Murray W. Garsson, a special assistant Secretary of Labor. Without any unusual display of ability, Garsson unraveled the plot and ended the revolution in twenty-four hours.

He arrested five men (not twenty-eight as stated in the newspaper story). There was not a Communist among them. Two of the prisoners were Detective Gordon Joseph Miller and Chief William Vernon of the Bendix private police. The other three were either their accomplices, or else dissatisfied workmen whom Miller had incited to violence. Miller made a complete confession, in which he cast all the blame on Vernon, who, so he said, threatened him with discharge if he did not share in the plot and promised him a reward if he did. Miller testified that he himself arranged the bombing, with Vernon's full knowledge.

This sort of "revolution" has occurred many times in American history, and in many other places than South Bend. There is a strong possibility that the Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco, for which Tom Mooney is serving his seventeenth year in prison, was an event of the same order. Fortunately the present episode had a different sequel. Garsson, for reasons best known to himself, released the five prisoners on their own recognizance. The city politicians and plant officials gradually recovered from their panic. The Hearst newspapers, after publishing one false story, printed no others. There was the war-debts problem to worry over, and the new Communist conspiracy in Pontiac. Nothing more was heard about the revolution in South Bend.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1932, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

*EDITORS*

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

*CONTRIBUTING EDITORS*

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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# Norman Thomas

## *The Enraptured Socialist*

NORMAN THOMAS, the Socialist party's highly popular candidate for President, is not like a socialist at all. The Communists disbelieve in his socialism, contending that it is "without benefit of Marx." The Old Guard in his own party, typified by Hillquit, have charged him with promoting only municipal socialism, and with being concerned too much with the cleansing of sewers, actual and legislative ones. On the other hand, Thomas' many admirers in social foundations and churches forgive him his socialism on the ground that it is "not without benefit of clergy." Finally, the capitalists are not badly frightened by Norman Thomas, since he invokes no gloomy class hatred but appeals instead to the morally discriminating among them, in churches, college and lecture halls throughout the country. The capitalists, the money-changers and their wives go, as if to the temple, to hear him; or they read reports of his speeches on all timely topics in The New York Times (Mr. Thomas at any rate is "news fit to print"—in part). They feel their sins exposed; admit that he is probably right; that he is much decenter than they are; and then go on about their business.

Yet despite a certain "loosening of socialist ideology" imputed to him by the more doctrinary members of the Socialist party, Thomas has undoubtedly been the largest human asset which the party has had during years of decline. He is very tall and, with his fine head, blue eyes and white hair, is often described as distinguished-looking. As a public speaker he is well above the average, cultivated, fluent, sometimes eloquent, often charming. Gamely willing to go everywhere to speak anywhere, even to bring the light into darkest Tennessee or Arkansas, he takes good effect upon great numbers of backward Americans, despite a certain tendency in him towards rhetoric rather than toward crushingly factual argument. He takes effect, in great measure, because he seems so heartily to have entered into the life of crusading, writing, lecturing, fund-raising and lost-cause championing which leadership in such a minority movement involves. And then, from the very beginning his record has been remarkably clean in a party known for its bitter dissensions. Courageously, he came over to the radicals during the War, when it was not so convenient to be known as a Socialist; ever since he has attracted strong friendships, loyalties. In 1928, when Coolidge prosperity was up and Socialism struck its hardest times, he ran for President when nobody else in his group wanted to; he won only 244 000 votes, almost a low record, and some preacher who, it has been observed, underwent a

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in November, 1929, running for mayor of New York, Thomas raked his opponents vigorously, made a lively race and came out a surprisingly strong third, with 176,000 votes. Since 1929, he has taken on public stature and popularity, and exerted an increasing influence, becoming what we like to call a National Figure, the party's only one.

In the Connecticut village where I happen to reside, the editor of the weekly gazette is an old-fashioned American Socialist, who is tolerated by the shrewd native shopkeepers much as village atheists have always been tolerated in this country. When Norman Thomas was unanimously chosen, last May, to lead the Socialist campaign, this good man threw his hat in the air and wrote exultantly:

> Norman Thomas, who has been nominated for President by the Socialist party, is a graduate of Princeton and was formerly assistant to Dr. Henry Van Dyke, rector of the Brick Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue, New York. He is not one of your wild-eyed Reds. . . .

No, not a "wild-eyed Red," but one of the finer flowers of our liberal American Protestantism, an enlightened son of our vast lower middle class. I allude to his petty-bourgeois origin and background, not invidiously, since they are in no sense his fault; but because, in thinking upon the Socialist nominee for President in 1932, one is tempted to use the Marxian yardstick. By this, Thomas' leadership of Socialism in America has aspects of novelty and flies in the face of tradition.

The traditional line of Socialism, even in this long immunized country, always took its point of departure from the ideas that the truly social character of large-scale capitalism, plus the injustice it inevitably dealt labor, would, by a process of historic materialism, tend to weaken capitalism, increasing at the same time the solidarity and the strategic industrial power of labor. In the predestined social revolution labor would conquer government. The driving power for revolt would come from the proletariat, once it was conscious of its dominant economic role. But Norman Thomas was not himself driven to socialism, as slaves are driven to revolt. Nothing in his past or his early education, as he himself declares, explains his socialism. He came to this of his own free will, out of an abundance of nice moral scruples, out of the sympathy of a big-hearted social worker, and because he was a sincere, latter-day Christian who had lost hope in organized religion. He is, in short, a

"to deliver sermons in the street, instead of from the pulpit. In the front pews of his outdoor economic church there are some listeners; but the gallery seems almost empty."

This enraptured socialist seeks by persuasion to produce in great numbers of other people the same conversion experienced by himself; and his tendency must unconsciously be to make his appeal to a mildly rebellious section of the middle class from which he himself springs, and which he understands. For the laboring masses, whose language he speaks but haltingly, his appeal will be weaker—although realistic thinkers see in the failure of radicals to effect technical and political reorganization of labor the one great bar to profound social change. This is the character of Socialist leadership in 1932.

If Norman Thomas were selfishly in pursuit of power, he could easily go elsewhere, as other "independents" or radicals have done. But his ruling ambition in recent years has been to revitalize the Socialist movement in America, to rally the millions of potentially radical Americans to its banner. Did not the elder La Follette in 1924, a year of "normalcy," gather up 4,800,000 votes? Thomas is intelligent, senses the new chances of his party today, understands the obstacles within and without, to right and left. He knows also the melancholy record of the old S. P. during the past twenty years (since Debs won a million votes), and before the national convention he spoke thus:

"I feel convinced that there is the possibility of a powerful political force in our party. But I also feel terribly the need for drastic reorganization, which I shall urge at the presidential convention. Candidly, our party has been *glacially slow;* it has been in a fearful state during the last four years. . . ." As a result of a long series of calamities, from the wartime split to the secession of the Communists a few years ago, and of Dr. A. J. Muste's labor "activists" more recently, a sort of "inferiority complex" had settled upon the Socialists. Now overcoming the lethargy and timidity usually attributed to the S. P., its leader would devise new tactics to face a crisis which offers great political opportunities.

"What we need is an adequate labor program," Thomas commented, coming to the heart of the problem. "None has been worked out as yet; *and this must be done in the most clear-cut terms.*" True enough. For what good was a Socialist party which aimed at socializing the means of production and did not have the support of the working masses? If the Socialists would do nothing, then there was danger, increasingly evident, that the Republicans or Democrats would inaugurate socialism in some form. (One of Mr. Hoover's aides has recently alluded to the Republican administration, in private talk, as "our socialist government.") And on the left there was danger of the Communists. Logically they sought to destroy the Socialists, and in many places, at many times, fanatical energy, they might go far, despite their weaknesses and present blunders. They at least were working along the labor front. Wherever a labor situation developed—such as Socialists under De Leon and Debs would exploit for the class war—it was the Communists who "preëmpt those situations," Thomas himself freely admitted.

"At any rate, we have a social philosophy which the two large political parties lack," Thomas concluded earnestly. "What we need is boldness, audacity. We need the flaming passion of a Mazzini."

Will Thomas be the Mazzini of American socialism?

How strong, how "clear-cut" were the decisions arrived at during the stormy Socialist party convention held in Milwaukee last May? Accounts of this affair in our daily press have been so distorted, and Socialists themselves have so mysteriously avoided certain aspects of the case, that it seems well to review it a bit.

It was known in advance that no other than Thomas would be nominated. But the fact that there was a lively fight over principles or theory in connection with the platform was in no sense a "disgrace." Certainly not when we consider all the ruthless, below-the-belt struggles waged in the two capitalist parties—and over division of spoils. The Socialist party, with almost no prospects of power and no spoils, has the right and the leisure to battle over theories. And though many of the Old Guard Socialists were extremely anxious to go on doing things in the same old way, refusing to believe that there was any specially urgent situation, an undeniable influx of new blood, of impatient people who wanted to "go places and do things," accentuated the dispute between factions. The "reformists," successful municipal Socialists from Milwaukee and other strongholds, together with new "militants," lined up behind Norman Thomas; the Old Guard, chiefly New York delegates, sided with the veteran Morris Hillquit, who has "bossed" the party for many years as its national chairman, and who, as he says, stands for a "common, garden variety of socialism."

Heaven knows what the Hillquit policy means for us nowadays. Offhand, one would assume that it embraced an educational or evolutionary socialism, devised by our granddaddies, and carried on—in the hopes that revolution will ensue for "our grandchildren, only not now!"—by dint of balls, rallies, picnics and over friendly chess games. You dream blissfully of a social revolution, but watch your step under capitalism; you avoid weaning organized labor away from capitalism except at the polls; you refuse, like Mr. Hoover, to endorse the mightiest socialist state in the world; you wait, with fingers crossed, for mankind to grow up and understand the complicated, piecemeal, tergiversating, but strictly "democratic" Marxism of Kautsky, and

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Now Norman Thomas rose up against this chess-playing socialism, hobbyhorse of successful lawyers and moderately benevolent manufacturers. Thomas' intention, perhaps characteristically, was to move both to the right and the left of Hillquit at the same time. First, to oust Hillquit as chairman, and the Hillquit followers who were members of the National Executive Committee, thus obtaining a good grip on the party's machinery; and by paying less lip-service to a remote class struggle and talking the native language, make the S. P. "go American," invite in the disgruntled white-collar men and intellectuals. Second, Thomas wanted to advance a labor program, as the "militants" advocated, which would attempt to win over or force the political support of our big unions, even at the risk of offending the deeply reactionary A. F. of L.

Norman Thomas rose up, yet apparently without enough audacity to oust the capable, wily and, by now, quite cynical Hillquit, who fought his opponents with various red herrings. Nor did Thomas, according to reports of the "militants" who backed him, put quite enough flaming passion behind the fight for a new labor program. Where a sweeping victory might have had a tonic effect upon American Socialism, the Socialist nominee gained but little more than a drawn battle, losing on the one flank and winning on the other. More new blood, that is, a majority of pro-Thomas men, were elected to the National Executive Committee; the economic efforts of Soviet Russia were at length endorsed (!) despite vigorous opposition; a resolution was passed, urging coöperation with union labor, but proposing nothing "which might be interpreted as undermining the A. F. of L."; the proposition to endorse confiscation as the sole method of revolution was beaten at Thomas' passionate urging—strange paradox of piecemeal socialism which breeds ardent defenders of private property. Equally paradoxical was the resolution to work for the proletarian revolution by non-violent and "purely democratic means."

It was the same old Socialist party—despite Mr. Heywood Broun's curious participation; it was the same old Socialist party with all its inherent contradictions, which practical statesmen who hoped to do something *pro bono publico* have always fled from, to remain "independent" Republicans or Democrats; and which labor leaders, practical or militant have systematically avoided. Nor did Norman Thomas issue from the Milwaukee proceedings as the powerful, decisive voice in his own little party.

One had hoped that the new element could push back the tired old men who have always played at socialism without ever interesting the American public, and devise some instrument more immediately useful than a vaguely generalized appeal for collectivism; or at least one good slogan that fitted the particular moment and year. Only one resolution touching on unemployment had such a chair- sary to put the unemployed to work, producing food, fuel and clothing, and for the erection of houses for their own use and consumption." Nor did the party show any improved or realistic political acumen, beyond the resolve to use a man of Norman Thomas' stamp in order to win recruits from the middle class.

Mazzini, one must not forget, was an unflinching revolutionist and indefatigable plotter, ready to wade through rivers of blood. But our Socialist candidate's temper, his whole background, is that of a pacific minister and ameliorative social worker. The son and grandson of Welsh preachers, Norman Mattoon Thomas was born in 1884, in Marion, Ohio, the town made famous by a picturesque American President.

In a glowing chapter of his most recent work, "As I See It," the leader of the Socialists has recalled the happy religious atmosphere of his childhood home. Life was sober, full of duty, but unhurried. The ideal of puritanism and even of evangelism, in the case of his parents, was at least generous and courageous, greatly removed from the "spirit of acquisition."

The child of idealists was also a good and serious student, going eventually to Bucknell University for a year, and then to Princeton, where, incidentally, toward 1905, Woodrow Wilson tutored him in political science. Coming to New York, during the muckraking era, all his sympathies drew Norman Thomas toward social service. Mankind was to be saved, on the one hand, by settlement work, and on the other by making government clean and truly democratic. Years of settlement work, in Spring Street on the East Side, were mingled with studies for the divinity at Union Theological Seminary uptown, and left their stamp on Thomas. Once ordained, he quit the side of the fashionable and literary Dr. Van Dyke, choosing to become pastor to the desperately poor in the parish of the East Harlem Presbyterian Church. Growing steadily more liberal and more rebellious against orthodoxy, more concerned with immediate welfare work than with offering religious consolation, Thomas, after an inward struggle, severed his connections with the church in 1917. In the two preceding years he had publicly opposed this country's entrance into war, on religious and economic grounds. He helped to organize peace societies, actively supported Hillquit's 1917 campaign for the mayoralty in New York, and joined the Socialist party. It is notable that he identified himself especially with the cause of the conscientious objectors during and after the War, bringing upon himself persecution and espionage. Together with Roger Baldwin, whom he saw imprisoned, he founded the American Civil Liberties Union; later he helped to found the League for Industrial Democracy, of which he has been the director. In short, for some fifteen years, Norman

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for municipal reform, for world peace. But rebelling or crusading, he has nearly always retained the respectful tolerance of his most conservative contemporaries.

Why? Because there is something naïve in the big-hearted social worker who espouses the cause of reform. His type is perfectly familiar in our history: that of the "Goo-Goos," or Good Government Boys, whom Lincoln Steffens describes so well in his autobiography; and opponents have learned not to fear this type.

By preference or by natural disposition Norman Thomas is less concerned with the reform of labor and its preparation for the conquest of power than he is with the moral need for socialism. The notes of moral censure of our civilization are strongest in him; and we have no doubt merited his reproaches.

> Never yet has any civilization endured with no philosophy but a superficial pragmatism. . . . Success is our God, measured in terms of money. . . . We have no moral standards to which to appeal in our warfare against the underworld.
>
> What is it that socialism offers? In the first place a philosophy, a social vision, a loyalty adequate to the realities of the interdependent world which the machine age has imposed upon us. . . . Not a detailed program, important as it is, but a new faith . . . is the answer to our bewilderment, apathy or despair.
>
> Once there is a collective will for action, once men care enough for some social ideal, a lot of impossibilities melt away. By this flaming ideal of national unity Mazzini melted away the barriers which divided Italy and forged its nationalism.

In 1919, while helping to lead the Paterson textile workers' strike, Norman Thomas made a speech to the workers to cheer them on in their fight. Suddenly the police entered the hall and cut off all the lights. Not only was crusading forbidden, but the authorities, it appears, sought to hamper the strikers' activities and prevent their meeting by plunging the place in darkness. Norman Thomas may have been surprised or indignant, as no economic determinist would have permitted himself to be. (He would be indignant again in 1929, when ballots cast for him were stolen by Tammany agents in New York.) The trouble, to his mind of an ardent uplifter, was the darkness: the darkness brought violence, and injustice; besides, it was plainly unconstitutional. (A Marx or a Lenin would have inferred more logically that entrenched economic injustice ordained darkness.) Thomas longed to bring light, to persuade the wicked authorities to behave, to recall them to the spirit in which our fathers conceived this government of liberty, equality and the rights of private property. Boldly arming himself with a candle, by its guttering light he read to the strikers as well as to the police officers present the Declaration of Independence. The strike, one recalls, was beaten; but Norman Thomas has been carrying a candle all about the country ever since.

# Portrait or Caricature?

*Mr. Josephson's article was submitted in advance of publication to Mr. Thomas and several of his associates. The following comment is by one of these, Paul Blanshard, of the League for Industrial Democracy.*—THE EDITORS.

I AM DELIGHTED to accept the invitation of The New Republic to discuss Matthew Josephson's article on Norman Thomas. My objection to the article is essentially this, that it purports to be a portrait but it is a caricature instead. It is the kind of sketch which, if done in lines instead of words, would make a good cover for Vanity Fair. If it was plainly labeled as a caricature, I would not object to its honeyed damnation and its patronizing malice; any caricaturist has a right to distort his subject if he makes his audience laugh in the process and if he brings out some genuine characteristic of his victim. But when he offers the public a caricature as a balanced portrait, he is open to serious criticism.

The technique of the caricaturist is to select some one peculiarity of his subject—a twisted eyebrow, a large nose, a set of prominent teeth—and build up a sketch about that peculiarity until the grotesque result amuses his audience. Essentially it is a technique of oversimplification and overemphasis. In the case of Norman Thomas his critics among both capitalists and Communists have seized upon his moral earnestness as the best characteristic to overemphasize. They have gradually built up a Thomas myth. The essence of the myth is that, since Thomas was once a preacher and is always a gentleman, he is really not a revolutionist at all. The method of proving the thesis is to select facts and statements from Thomas' career and then to place the proper interpretation upon them.

As a sample of interpretation we may take Mr. Josephson's concluding paragraph. Mr. Thomas is pictured as a foolish and ardent uplifter holding a candle in the dark to read the Declaration of Independence to some Paterson strikers. This shows that he lacked the hard realism of a Lenin, a Marx—or a Josephson. Mr. Josephson says that when the police turned out the lights, "Norman Thomas may have been surprised or indignant as no economic determinist would have permitted himself to be." What makes Mr. Josephson think that Thomas was surprised?

When Thomas went to Passaic—the strike was in Passaic and not Patterson—thousands of workers were on strike in the textile mills. It was in the period of fanatical Red persecution immediately after the World War when the police were bitter and abusive—I know because I was an organizer for that same union and was in jail at that time in another strike. The Passaic police set out to break up strikers' meetings in violation of the Constitution. When Norman Thomas stood up and the lights were turned out at the meeting, he did the one logical thing in such a crisis; in order to establish the legal right of the strikers to hold a meeting he read the Constitution of New Jersey by candle light while the police stood open-mouthed and baffled, wondering what to do. They hesitated, they consulted, and finally they permitted the meeting to continue. Thereafter the strike meetings were permitted largely because the tremendous publicity attending Norman

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was partially successful as a result of this maneuver. I suppose Mr. Josephson would have had Thomas read the Communist Manifesto by the light of a strong cigar, in which case the police would have broken up the meeting and the class struggle would have been vindicated.

Thomas went into that strike as he has gone into scores of other strikes knowing that in a capitalist society every weapon of public sentiment should be used on labor's side. He has never had any illusions about the effectiveness of light without labor power. He would be much more surprised than Mr. Josephson if Tammany did not steal votes and capitalists did not use police for their interests. Such facts about Norman Thomas, however, although they are familiar to every man who has worked with him, would have disturbed the brilliant ending of Mr. Josephson's neat caricature.

When it comes to Thomas' record in municipal reform, Mr. Josephson is unable to cite anything very definite to prove that he is naïve, so he calls Thomas naïve by inference and lets it go at that. He says:

> But rebelling or crusading, he has nearly always retained the respectful tolerance of his most conservative contemporaries. Why? Because there is something naïve in the big-hearted social worker who espouses the cause of reform. His type is perfectly familiar in our history: that of the "Goo-Goos," or Good Government Boys, whom Lincoln Steffens describes so well in his autobiography; and opponents have learned not to fear his type.

The truth is that Norman Thomas would have been elected mayor of New York long ago if the business interests had not learned to fear him. It is precisely because he has refused to be a Good Government Boy and insisted on being a Socialist that he has continued on the losing side. The Good Government Boys described by Lincoln Steffens were capitalist liberals and not Socialists. In his last book Thomas ended his chapter on politics thus:

> I want to make it clear that I am comparatively little interested simply in cleaning up New York, and that I have little faith in what will be accomplished by an emotional spasm of reform. My deep interest in New York City and elsewhere is in a new order of social life, a new sense of the necessity of coöperation, a new art of living together. To attain that victory means an attack upon an economic and political order of which Tammany Hall is only one of the symptoms.

I am sorry that Mr. Josephson did not attend the Milwaukee convention of the Socialist party. It was so complex a social phenomenon that even so able a journalist would find difficulty in describing it from a Connecticut village.

Mr. Josephson overstates the sins of the Old Guard and he belittles the very substantial gain made by the left wing in the party. Hillquit with all his faults has never advocated only political socialism. He does not believe that socialism will come while "you wait with fingers crossed."

At Milwaukee the anti-Hillquit group won a much more substantial victory than Mr. Josephson indicates. Certainly it is unfair for him to say that "it was the same old Socialist party." Our Russian resolution which endorsed "the efforts being made in Russia to create the economic Soviet's "success in the economic field will give an immense impetus to the acceptance of socialism by the workers" was carried by a majority of more than two to one over the almost unanimous opposition of the Old Guard. Hillquit was elected by the skin of his teeth after a brilliant plea for himself by himself. The militant trade-union resolution was defeated by about eight to six, and then only by a resolution that called for socialist work in the trade unions.

Mr. Josephson says in discussing Thomas and the Milwaukee Convention that "Thomas' intention, perhaps characteristically, was to move both to the right and left of Hillquit at the same time." Why does Mr. Josephson say "perhaps characteristically?" If he thinks that Thomas is a straddler, why does he not have the courage to say so? Everyone familiar with the socialist movement knows that Thomas almost never straddles any issue. He almost never plays politics. His political technique is astonishingly direct and simple and depends for its success largely upon his shining sincerity. Also, the rightward tendency that Mr. Josephson suggests in Thomas' actions at the Milwaukee Convention exists only in the Josephson imagination. Thomas moved definitely to the left in the Milwaukee Convention and the majority of the party moved with him. The party elected a more vigorous National Executive Committee, it adopted a more friendly policy toward Soviet Russia, and it laid the ground work for more militant activity in the labor field by appointing field organizers for important industrial areas.

It is true that Norman Thomas does not want America to wade through those rivers of blood that Mazzini visioned. He is slightly more hopeful of avoiding bloodshed in a social revolution than I am and he has slightly more faith in democracy than I have. But in my ten years of association with him I have never seen his idealism approximate rapture. Down underneath he is a hard-headed realist and he clings to democracy not because he has serious illusions about it but because he feels that it is the only hope left of avoiding a catastrophe which in so complex a civilization as that of the United States might retard rather than advance the socialist cause. He is far more skeptical about the prospects of social reform within capitalism than many of the country gentlemen who throw stones at him.

The publication of Mr. Josephson's article in The New Republic raises the question as to the journal's responsibility in the present national crisis. The one criticism of Norman Thomas which is implicit in almost everything that Mr. Josephson says is that he is not sufficiently realistic in supporting revolution by the class struggle.

Well, where does The New Republic stand on that question? Are its editors still enraptured with democratic liberalism? I do not think that the journal that supported Al Smith in the last campaign has a moral right to attack Norman Thomas from the left in the middle of this campaign without making its own position clear on the issues raised in Mr. Josephson's article. Judging by the journal's record in the past, Norman Thomas is a hard-boiled revolutionist compared to the editors of The New Republic. We who are working with him to build a social revolutionary movement in this country have a right to ask from The New Republic constructive coöperation as well as

PAUL BLANSHARD

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# Tightening up the Cotton Belt

THE ONLY treasure being laid up in the rural South this year is treasure in heaven. Cotton farmers are raising another cotton crop, but without money, without fertilizer and without hope. They couldn't get the money and the fertilizer and there is no basis for the hope.

The following figures gathered by Alabama Polytechnic Institute in coöperation with the United States Department of Agriculture give a lucid summary of the conditions the cotton kingdom faces. The figures cover American cotton only.

| Year | Production—Bales | Aug. 1 carry-over from previous years—Bales |
|---|---|---|
| 1928 ..... | 14,600,000 | 5,200,000 |
| 1929 ..... | 14,800,000 | 4,500,000 |
| 1930 ..... | 13,900,000 | 6,200,000 |
| 1931 ..... | 16,900,000 | 8,900,000 |
| 1932 ..... | ? | 12,800,000 (estimated) |

| Year | Total Supply—Bales | Average farm price per pound |
|---|---|---|
| 1928 ..... | 19,800,000 | 18 cents |
| 1929 ..... | 19,300,000 | 16.8 cents |
| 1930 ..... | 20,100,000 | 10 cents |
| 1931 ..... | 25,800,000 | 5.5 cents, or less |

Consumption of American cotton for these years has averaged about 14,000,000 bales. The estimated carry-over for August 1, 1932, optimistically low, represents almost a year's supply. To the above figures should be added the foreign production of 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 bales. Reduced demand, large carry-over, the enormous 1931 crop and general world conditions combine to make the plight of the cotton farmer desperate.

Until the government report on the 1932 crop is issued no very reliable information about the size of the crop can be had. However, it is likely that production will be far below the 1931 crop. This year's crop has been made, on the whole, without fertilizer. Boll-weevil infestation has been unusually heavy. The spring and early summer were wet. Cotton is a dry-weather plant and it is an adage among cotton planters that a wet May and June mean a poor crop. Too, the law of averages is against a big crop. The past four years have been very good cotton years, save for some localities in the drought year of 1930, and have produced large yields. Finally, there has been a decrease in acreage. In spite of the fact that many farmers have attempted to offset the lack of fertilizer by planting more acres, and in spite of the fact that many people have returned to the farm from the cities and planted patches of cotton, the government report on acreage indicates a reduction of 9½ percent. Private estimates are slightly smaller than this.

But even if the yield were as low as 11,000,000 bales, the world supply of American cotton on hand and in sight as of August 1 would still be, roughly, 24,000,000 bales. The only conclusion is that the farmer cannot expect more than five or six cents for his cotton and may have to take three. Some predict that he won't be able to sell it at all.

These facts translated into terms of human life have meant and continue to mean a vast amount of mental distress and physical suffering.

Banks have been chary in making their loans this year. Only good risks have been able to obtain them at all, and these, asking for less than usual, got less than asked for. The poor risks have turned to local farm agencies for government loans and in most cases have received small amounts. These government loans have been godsends to thousands of men who could not have farmed without them. Some farmers have managed to squeeze by without borrowing any money at all and many others have been unable to get a loan anywhere. The 1932 crop is probably the cheapest ever made in the South. If the acreage yield is three-fourths normal, notes can be met with five-cent cotton, for notes are small. Six cents would return a small profit, an average, say, of $30 per tenant family for the year's work.

It is possible to live very cheaply in the cotton country now, and that is fortunate for both landlord and tenant. The old slave ration for an able-bodied man used to be three and a half pounds of meat and a peck of meal per week. Landlords who advance to tenants returned to that regimen during the last spring. Three and a half pounds of salt pork have been selling for twenty-five cents and a peck of cornmeal for fifteen cents. A small family can actually live on forty cents a week. Many Negro families and some whites have done it. With a garden planted with Red Cross seeds, free fuel in the woods and a fine berry crop in the swamps, it is not so bad as one might think, not nearly so bad as being penniless and unemployed in the towns. For such necessities as tobacco and medicine and Hoyt's Cologne and hair dressing, the Negro has other expedients. Perhaps he can sell a few berries, or his wife and children may get in a few days of cotton chopping on a neighboring plantation. One can actually live with almost no money in the summer in the rural South, if he has an iron constitution and is content with ragged clothes and a poor roof and simple food. It is not so easy in the winter.

Farm wages correspond to tenant advances. Some landlords have "wage hands" as well as tenants. The wage hand works a crop for a fixed wage instead of a share of the crop. A fair example of the wage paid such a laborer in prosperous times is $15 a month and rations for his family. This year there are wage hands with families working for $8 a month without rations. Yardmen, who

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are general servants about plantation homes, are receiving as low as $8 and $10 a month with a house and without rations.

Cotton chopping, usually the work of women and children, began at thirty cents a day, but owing to demand and a grassy crop, rose to forty cents, the chopper to feed himself. "I don't see how I will come out at it," said one man who was paying forty cents. He probably won't.

The writer knows of a river-bend community that has a population of 2,000 Negroes and five whites. The fixed rate for day labor there is thirty cents in trade at the local store. This, of course, is an extreme case. The average pay for an able-bodied man is forty to fifty cents a day in cash.

In one Alabama county 13 percent of the population is white, and 5 percent controls the county. The inhabitants of the county's few small villages may control 50,000 or more acres of land. At present their outstanding characteristics are that they do not like Socialism and that they are broke. On the whole their attitude towards the Negro is kindly, but they cannot pay him more than forty or fifty cents a day for his labor. Some ruthless men are criminally exploiting their tenants, white and colored, this trying year. But, however kindly intentioned one may be, or however advanced in his ideas of social justice, no landlord in the South, borrowing money to make a cotton crop, can pay his labor more than fifty cents a day and balance his books in November with cotton at five cents a pound. An average tenant crop is not more than six bales, that is, $150. The tenant must get his living out of that $150 and the landlord must get something out of it to go on his note and his interest and his taxes and his living. According to his accustomed standards of living, the landlord is worse off than the tenant, though actually his standard is still far above that of the tenant. But his future is more uncertain than that of the tenant, for the tenant still lives on the soil while his master merely owns it.

In the villages and towns of the South the business and professional people, the artisan and the day laborer, suffer along with the farmer, for their living as well as his is ultimately dependent upon the price of cotton.

Three-cent cotton this fall will mean widespread bankruptcy and starvation. Possibly it will mean riots and bloodshed. Perhaps it will mean the end of an era.

Meanwhile the fourth year of the "Abolition of Poverty" continues to tighten up the Cotton Belt.

RENWICK C. KENNEDY.

# "Wara"

FEW ECONOMISTS would dispute the statement that if we could succeed in putting all available credit and currency to work, the financial condition of the country would be immediately improved. Enough money has been issued —statistics show that there is about 20 percent more than during times of prosperity and inflation, and there is an abundance of credit created by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the National Credit Corporation. Moreover, every possible effort to free credit has been made through the agency of the Glass-Steagall Act and the open-market operations of the Federal Reserve System. Yet prices are still down and business shows no sign of improvement. The money is not used; the banks do not grant loans. Fear and lack of confidence largely account for this situation, and political uncertainty adds little stimulus to normal business activity.

Under the present circumstances we cannot blame the banker or the individual for hoarding money. If anything is to be blamed, it is the money itself, which, because of its intrinsically stable value, encourages hoarding. People today seldom attempt to hoard goods; hoarding of merchandise of any sort costs in spoilage, upkeep and storage, while the hoarding of money costs nothing. One might even say that in periods of depression there is a power steadily increases. In fact, our money nonchalantly goes on strike just at the time when it is most needed.

Money hoarding cannot be prevented or stopped by presidential decree or by donated advertising space. However harmful it may be, people always resort to money hoarding during hard times as long as it seems more advantageous than purchasing goods. If, on the contrary, withholding money and credit were costly to the hoarder, this harmful practice would soon become a thing of the past.

The possibility of circulating "non-hoardable" money has been demonstrated by a movement in Germany called the *Freiwirtschaft* movement, which is based on the theory that any money which can be hoarded is unfit as a medium of exchange. Members of this movement began by circulating *Wara,* meaning merchandise currency, at a par-value with the Reichsmark. The particular feature of a *Wara* bill is that on its reverse side there are dated spaces on which a stamp amounting to one percent of the face value of the bill must be attached each month in order to keep the bill at par value. Thus, whoever holds a *5-Wara* bill on the date it depreciates must place a 5-pfennig stamp on it, and do so each month as long as the bill is held. Otherwise it will not be accepted at full value.

The *Wara* movement had already been going on

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when last year a number of favorable circumstances made it possible to put the idea to a test in a small community confronted by a desperate economic situation. The place was Schwanenkirchen, a small Bavarian village of less than five hundred inhabitants, who derived their income largely from a local coal mine. For over two years the mine had been closed. The village barely existed on the government dole to the unemployed, and everyone in the community was heavily in debt. There was not the slightest hope of reopening the coal mine, as all through Germany deflation raged, leaving bankruptcies, suicides and overcrowded jails in its wake. In this trying period, Herr Hebecker, the owner of the mine, assembled his workers. He told them that he had succeeded in getting a loan of 40,000 *Reichsmark,* that he wished to resume operations but that he wanted to pay wages not in marks but in *Wara.* The miners agreed to the proposal when they learned that the village stores would accept *Wara* in exchange for goods.

When, after two years of complete stagnation, the workers for the first time brought home their pay envelopes, no one was interested in hoarding a cent of it, all the money went to the stores to pay off debts or for the purchase of necessities. The shopkeepers too were happy. Although at first they had felt a little hesitant about *Wara,* they had no choice, as no one had any other kind of money. The shopkeepers then forced it on the wholesalers; the wholesalers forced it on the manufacturers, who in turn tried to pass it on to those who carried their notes, or they exchanged it at Herr Hebecker's mine for coal. No one who received *Wara* wished to hold it, the workers, storekeepers, wholesalers and manufacturers all strove to get rid of it as quickly as possible, for any person who held it was obliged to pay the tax. So *Wara* kept on circulating, a large part of it returning to the coal mine, where it provided work, profits and better conditions for the entire community. Indeed, one could not have recognized Schwanenkirchen a few months after work had been resumed at the mine. The village was on a prosperity basis, workers and merchants were free from debts and a new spirit of freedom and life pervaded the town.

The news of the town's prosperity in the midst of depression-ridden Germany spread quickly. From all over the country reporters came to see and write about the "Miracle of Schwanenkirchen." Even in the United States one read about it in the financial sections of most big papers. But no explanation was given as to the real cause of the miracle—that a non-hoardable money was being tried out and that it was working marvelously. Had Herr Hebecker used his 40,000 *Reichsmarks* instead of *Wara,* his efforts would have inevitably resulted in failure; the money would have circulated through only one or two hands, each person retaining as much as possible and hoarding it because of the hard times. And after a short while Herr Hebecker would have had failed in their struggle with the depression.

To complete the story about *Wara* it must be added that subsequently it was accepted in a few thousand stores throughout Germany, and that one or two more entire communities recuperated under the *Wara* treatment. A few small banks even opened *Wara* accounts, accepting the deposits and at once lending the *Wara* out to those who asked for credit. Of course these banks were under the same compulsion of circulating *Wara* to avoid the one-percent monthly tax, and it was obvious that the depositor was only too glad to have the par value of his deposit preserved without interest.

The *Wara* movement had an important influence in Germany. It counteracted the deflationary policy of the government. Numbers of people found employment and in some places prices rose. *Wara* worked for those who believed in it. It was a weapon to fight the depression and at that time the government could not interfere, as there was no law to forbid the use of this kind of medium of exchange. Its sponsors argued that it was not money, but merchandise, sold and bought as such, having all the characteristics of goods. However, the government, in its efforts to suppress any inflationary tendency, forbade the use of *Wara* by an emergency law passed in November, 1931. As a result, Schwanenkirchen and other towns where *Wara* had provided the life blood of economic activity are on the dole again. Deflation has returned to power.

Basing our argument on the experiment with *Wara,* it is evident that compulsory money circulation, or in other words, a tax on idle money and credit, would not fail to get our currency and credit back to work, and would quickly eliminate unemployment. As soon as a desirable rise of prices has been attained, currency and credit could be withdrawn from circulation to prevent inflation. And that we need not wait until Congress or Wall Street approves of such a measure has been convincingly demonstrated by the *Wara* experiment. We need only introduce it, whether it be in a community, a branch of industry or within a group of people. *Wara* has worked wonders for those who believed in it.

HANS R. L. COHRSSEN.

## To a Renegade

Bitter, wasting roads I take;
Not a cur will let me be;
Flogged in market, tied to stake;
You may count the bones in me.

Swift as water, stanch as earth,
Ready to leap up with the few,
Fight for the dim gods, or a hearth;—
What of that wild thing was you?

Keep your settle; in a muse
Watch the unyielding sun go by;
Be as little as you choose;
Guzzle, fatten, sleep, and die!

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# Working for Hearst

WE WERE like doormen, huntsmen, footmen, male nurses, during my five years on the Hearst newspapers. We were incessantly running errands for the absentee nabob: like most of his employees, I never saw the great man in the flesh—he was merely the oppressive air I breathed. We bulldozed city officials into getting up receptions in his honor. We praised the attempt at opera singing made by the wife of a magnate who controlled the supply of a raw material needed by our master's Hollywood enterprise. We attacked any statesmen so foolish as to oppose his political schemes. We frantically called back the editorial page form from the stereotypers when it was discovered that at the very bottom of the page proof was an irrelevant two-line joke, clipped as filler from some stray sheet, about millionaires who hitch their affection's wagon to a movie star.

To valets like us he could not always be a hero. Indeed, one at times felt less like the privileged man-servant laying out his lordship's garments than like some despicable insect cowering at the bottom of one of his socks. At such moments one had a glimpse of what pits of feeble hating it would be necessary to collapse into if one's ambition or need of a bare living put one completely in his power. Those wearisome headlines bleating out forever those stale ideas! Those concise, peevish messages from San Simeon directing one to whoop it up for Garner or to attack opium and the League of Nations! Those humiliating nights when strong men worked overtime to make sure that every reference to a particularly sacred cow was impeccably free from possible "misinterpretation," and then trooped out afterwards to line up at the speakeasy bar and drink liquor made out of rotten potato peelings "just to get something a little cleaner into our systems for a change." Yes, I reflected many a time, if one were wholly at his mercy one would immitigably hate Hearst.

From the beginning, however, it seemed to me that the man was usually hated for his virtues. Weaklings disliked his amazing dash and energy. Prigs sneered at his magnificent informality. Men proud of belonging to the right fraternity at college denounced him for his championship of the plain man of the Republic. As the months passed, I began to feel that in his own tall person this potentate represented an aspiration toward certain freedoms, certain hopes that are dying in America, but that are usually accounted very admirable if not manifested by William Randolph Hearst. These freedoms, these hopes, probably would die if our country is to become a reasonably safe and amicable

myself, should I hate Hearst for exemplifying virtues which only yesterday became vices, and which in my heart of hearts I still admire as I do traits of the defunct Caesars or the early Norse rovers?

Take, for example, that splendid scorn which I found that Hearst has for any dragooning of his employees into making subscriptions to the Community Chest. He hated such things. The old individualist wanted his men to get good wages and to spend their money as they pleased, with no petty snooping to bother them. I remember once that it took all of this king's horses and all of his men and even a few of his best paid donkeys to prevent him from lashing out at the Community Chest as an outrageous invader of the rights of American citizens. I liked that in the Chief, as we always obsequiously called him, and could even call him Chief in my own soul on that occasion.

In fact, there was a general feeling in the organization that the old boy with all his faults was a downright American individualist at heart, with nuggets of raw gold and honest skyrockets in his make-up. Again and again some old retainer would say, "The Chief wouldn't stand for this if he knew about it—some of these smart efficiency racketeers have put it over on him while he had his back turned." Usually I smiled when I heard such things, and pointed out that legends of this sort, excellent excuses, were always disseminated by the holder of any powerful throne. Yet I discovered with a thrill of surprise that it was possible to strike a blow within his organization for what one considered fundamental human rights, with the happy conviction that the old Chief would back one up. Once, for example, when I felt that the paper was being unfair to Tom Mooney, I broke forth and protested in the Chief's name, and threatened to make a direct appeal to the throne. Another time, when I felt that the management was invading my own rights as an American citizen, I wrote a defiant letter to my immediate superiors, urging that my protest be laid before Mr. Hearst, as I was sure he would sustain me, since his passion for the maintenance of the rights of citizens was deep and real. Each time I won my point: the management knew that I had correctly gauged the Chief's attitude.

After such a little triumph, however, one was sure to remember that Hearst is celebrated for his ability to pack a cage full of rival wildcats and to run his machinery with the energy generated by their battling. Why bare one's fangs for the benefit of this trainer of animals? Besides, here and there in Hearst's menagerie one caught glimpses of the suffering of grander beasts: taciturn old lions, and Royal Bengals pacing the cage in a way that made

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some deep inward necessity that lies upon all modern men, with the old freedoms passing and the new ones still agonies rather than fulfilments.

This animal trainer not only plays diverse temperaments off against one another, but whole races, as is well known. Dominant still in his organization, I suppose, are the Protestants of north European ancestry, but there are many Jews and Irish Catholics, often sitting shoulder to shoulder and hating one another heartily, with the Chief umpiring their feuds and extracting advantage therefrom. I used to smile when I caught myself instinctively lining up, at a pinch, with the Protestant north European type. At such times I partly hated, partly admired, the skill which mixed so deftly the various racial-religious ingredients. Wandering about during those years in the vast crowded corridors of the Hearst catacombs, swimming restlessly in the tides of "office politics" flowing through them, I came upon Catholic Irishmen for whom I developed an almost mystical affection, and upon Jews who seemed preternaturally intelligent and civilized. I came to feel a gratitude toward the old buccaneer who had brought fascinating men of such diverse races and backgrounds together upon the slimy decks to serve his popguns.

All of us had our pride in what it meant to be a Hearst man, too. We knew that we were carefully selected men, well paid, whose task was, at all costs—whether those costs be social or moral or financial—to get the news. It was true that we were not clear in our own minds as to what anthropological patterns, what sociological diseases, had predetermined our traditions as to just what a "good story" was. But we were always aware that in the America of our day which Hearst had helped to build by boosting rapid transit and swift imperialism, a great trade or semi-profession of newspapering had grown up. We realized that an immense number of our fellow citizens appreciated the kind of work we had been trained to do for them. Once the Chief wired me personal approval of an editorial I wrote in which I pointed out that after all the one sure item in the American journalist's code was, "Get the Story"; and I valued, and still value, his message: on some mysterious ground of agreement, of deep inward conviction or at least of hope concerning the significance of our confused activities, we had met and clasped hands.

Friends in the college community where I lived used to ask me if I didn't feel sickened by some of the "sexy" reporting I did for Hearst. For many months, be it recorded, I rarely interviewed a lady for his evening paper in San Francisco unless she was at least suspected of being immoral and unless she would permit a considerable portion of her charming self to be photographed without embarrassing amounts of clothing intervening between her beauty and the public. But to all such questions from friends my answer, honest in the main I still believe, was that I [illegible] Horace and Heine would have enjoyed those assignments as much as I did. It seemed to me that Hearst and myself, being Americans of a certain stamp and training, were a little confused and itchy on this subject; but it seemed to me unsportsmanlike to hide my own bewilderment concerning an immense problem by attacking his; meanwhile, also like good Americans, we could make money together by exploiting the public's bewilderment.

This brings me to another trait of Hearst I have already mentioned—his so-called shamelessness. And while, as I have said, we used to get disgusted at some of the routine work in connection with it, on the whole it amused me and seemed rather dashing and grandiose in an old-time Western way. If he liked somebody, he was perfectly willing to be seen anywhere with that person and to defy the public opinion out of which he made his money. Very wrong and deplorable, of course; but perhaps I was too much of a San Franciscan to feel the proper shade of disapproval toward the most flagrant of all San Franciscans.

His attitude toward a certain famous jade, Mother England, that is, always seemed to me to be on the whole the standard American attitude. Since we are all properly ashamed of this attitude, naturally we seek a scapegoat to blame for it. And since it is the job of editors to be scapegoats, and since Hearst as an editor is smeared over more territory than any other American, surely he will do as well as another. He should be thanked for betraying in public, in absurd and painstaking detail, an emotion shared by all of us of the old ancestry and tradition. We all hate her and adore her. We all thunder that we wouldn't accept a title from a mere king of England for anything on earth, and we'd all love to wake up some fine morning and find that we had become Dukes of Buckinglamorganshire overnight. Contemplating, therefore, weary day after day, the amusing manifestation of these traits by the Chief, I coined a private nickname for him, with some affection in it, too, and some envy, perhaps: I called him Lord Hearst.

It was obvious that when he left his ducal estate at San Simeon, with its incredibly vast acreage, its cathedral interiors brought over from Europe in packing boxes, its zebras and kangaroos plunging into the path of worried editors when they hurried down there to be praised or blamed—it was obvious that when he left all this every summer and went to the tight little isle, he hankered to be accepted as a member of the nobility. And why shouldn't he be accepted, I used to ask myself indignantly, with all the instinct of a vassal to resent an insult to his liege lord. Isn't he at least as much of an aristocrat as those soap magnates and tea peddlers and newspaper mongers and pickers-up of chorus girls who get ennobled at so much per ennoblement in stuffy old England? It was pathetic: my heart used to bleed for him. When he'd come back home

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cestral isle in his editorials and in his Napoleonic orders to his upperlings which I knew was the product of all that wining and dining with lords and ladies who had been detailed to make him feel good while he was over there. Then, a little later, it was fascinating to watch the old copy-book maxims about Benedict Arnold and the Hessians and Washington crossing the Delaware bob up in his honest old American heart once more. Soon he'd be lashing out at England again with redoubled fury, doubtless ashamed of his own temporary defection from the faith of his fathers. Why, I remember once he actually called her "perfidious Albion," just like that, in plain print, unsmilingly—and so I had to do his smiling for him there in the privacy of the official cubbyhole where I'd done so many questionable little services for him.

Lord Hearst! Yes, he ought to be soundly and systematically hated, along with all those other curious grandees our dumb and groping American hearts have spawned—Buffalo Bill, Robert E. Lee, Brigham Young, etc. As the lady so appropriately located in Los Angeles so well said: What a man! An outward and volcanic manifestation of the exuberant and self-approving inner man of the Anglo-American tradition hidden in so many of us—large, loose, lavish, proud, materialistically successful and therefore slipperily idealistic, that is, willing to exterminate anybody who gets in the way on the ground that they ought to be ashamed of interfering with the progress of such fine and trustworthy people as we. An, as they say in Hollywood, epic figure, like that other big American blowhard, Paul Bunyan, or like the sick Injun on the droopy-tailed horse at "The End of the Trail." The epic figure, in short, of the Millionaire, the energetic garbage grabber whom we permit to elect himself chief of the tribe of raiders for the simple reason that we wish to keep open for ourselves this same privilege of self-election to dubious activity. It's a mere business accident that he peddles news and opinions. So do all the other golden American eagles. There's not a Fordling or a Rockefellerette who doesn't know, and announce, just how the country ought to be run ragged, as blatantly as ever this fellow Hearst does.

Hamburger-wagon philosoph, astute panacea pumper, he has archaic political ideas converging always toward jingoism. He has infantile curiosities about sex which inveterately emerge in the deftly lacquered pruriency of page one and the Sunday magazine section. He has a crude power worship and wealth worship yearning on toward still more vulgar and dangerous inanities. He is doubtless just what we needed to make us realize that there were some blind alleys which we Americans wished to have thoroughly explored. And whether the explorers of them are external to us as millionaires or internal to us as unanalyzed [illegible] at least ought to be.

# Washington Notes

*The Roosevelt Machine Gains Momentum—The Eastern Front—Keeping Jack out West —Pomerene and the R.F.C.— Hoover's Campaign*

EVERYTHING seems to be bowling along in grand style so far as the preliminary stage of the Roosevelt campaign is concerned. The suave and slick Chairman Farley has been down here, conferred with as many of the Western and Southern Senators and Representatives as he could gather in Washington, agreed with them that the East would have to be the main battleground and that it was going to be a tough job to raise money. Since Melvin Traylor declined the post of chairman of the highly important Finance Committee, several other more or less conspicuous gentlemen have also declined and, at the present moment, Mr. Farley has not found the man he wants for the place. But that is a detail, and the removal of convention friction has proceeded with gratifying results in every direction save one.

The hard-boiled Mr. Hague of New Jersey now predicts an enormous majority for Roosevelt in his state. Governor Ely of Massachusetts has been to Albany. Owen D. Young spent the day with the candidate at Hyde Park. Governor Ritchie is prepared to take the stump for him. Others have fallen into line, in fact, leaped, as did Mr. B. M. Baruch, for the band wagon, and there have been love and kisses all around—except from Alfred Emanuel Smith. From him not a kiss, not a kind message, not a wave of the hand. True, Mr. Farley told the eager "corps of correspondents" the other day that Al "is a good Democrat. He will be all right." That, however, is not the information I have received, and it comes from sources a good deal closer to Al and far more reliable in this matter than Mr. Farley. From these sources I learn that Al will not go to Europe, that he will not run for Governor or Senator and that he will not make a speech for the Roosevelt-Garner ticket in this campaign. It is, they say, a combination which Al thinks should not be trusted with power and is not fit to run the government, and he cannot bring himself to recommend it to the people. Al, of course, may change his mind, but I am quite certain that this is his opinion at the present time.

It may be that the Roosevelt-Garner candidacy will not need Al, but the managers would certainly be much happier if they had him in camp. Also, in this connection, I have not yet noticed any message of congratulation to the candidate from Mr. Newton D. Baker of Ohio. Mr. Baker was the one candidate in Chicago who the Hearst-McAdoo influence was most afraid might come out of that fight, and I think Mr. Baker's ideas of Hearst and McAdoo are fully as pronounced as theirs about him. In the end, I think, he is likely to support the ticket, but it will not be with enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm for the ticket is almost entirely confined to South and West. There it is genuine and great. Word comes here of Roosevelt sentiment of surprising strength in California, Oregon, Washington, Wisconsin, Minne-

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many Democrats that all these states can be carried. There is not a Western state that is conceded to Hoover, and this is not merely propaganda poured out for political effect. It is, I think, based as much on the anti-Hoover feeling as on pro-Roosevelt sentiment, but it does seem that there is a chance in this election for an upset somewhat similar to that of 1916, when Wilson was saved by the West. At present, as I reported last week, the Democratic strategy is to avoid making a sectional fight: Roosevelt's efforts are directed toward placating the industrial and conservative East.

As to Mr. Farley, I think he will make an excellent campaign director, a far more effective general than the unfortunate Raskob. He is, in the first place, a politician and not a business man. The more I see of business men as political managers, the higher my opinion of politicians. One business man can waste more money as a national chairman than three politicians. Farley is smart, knows the game, knows politics, talks the language and knows how to handle newspaper men.

One thing not published in the newspapers but agreed upon at the Farley conference here, was to ask Mr. Garner to "take care of the West." In other words, keep out of the East. The present plan is for Governor Roosevelt not to go to California at all, not to swing around the circle, but devote his time to indicting the Hoover administration and standing on the repeal plank in the big pivotal states east of the Mississippi. Thus the strategists have mapped it out—"subject," they say, "to change"—and on the whole it seems fairly wise.

In the meantime, Mr. Hoover wrestles with his speech of acceptance, scheduled now for August 11, and appoints a Democrat—Atlee B. Pomerene of Ohio—as chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, thus giving the Democrats a majority of the board. I think I indicated in this place last week that he was considering a Democrat who had been a presidential possibility for this place. I did not have Mr. Pomerene in mind—he was, in fact, not in Mr. Hoover's mind at the time, but he fits the bill none the less. Mr. Pomerene was third or fourth choice, not first, and his selection came as a surprise.

As to the political effect, opinions differ. It was Hoover's desire to make it impossible for the Democrats to charge that the Reconstruction Board, with its great power and vast resources, was being used to promote his election. By Pomerene's appointment he has certainly done that, but he has not, I think, greatly strengthened the Board in other ways. Mr. Pomerene is, perhaps, a great constitutional lawyer and an outstanding Democrat, but he is hardly my idea of a big executive, and I know of no place where a big executive is more needed. However, it may work out all right, and the impression among the administration advisers is that Mr. Hoover did himself some good.

Despite the drift toward Roosevelt in the West, there is a good deal of confidence among the Hoover aides here. Particularly is this true of the Honorable Walter F. Brown, who will direct the campaign from the rear, and make the vital decisions, none of which will be left to the well meaning Everett Sanders, the new chairman—or even to the shrewder Mr. Ray Benjamin, who is to be at Mr. Sanders' elbow in Chicago

of the fight, and Mr. Brown, it appears, is exceedingly cheerful. He ignores the bad reports from the West and believes that the Roosevelt-Garner ticket gives Hoover the edge in the fight, puts him in a far better position than he thought possible at this time. Of course, Mr. Brown, Mr. Mills and Mr. Hoover all count upon some lifting of the depression before the middle of October. They watch the signs. They believe the Reconstruction Board will stimulate business and lessen unemployment. They think the European situation is improving.

Speaking of Europe, there is a report that Mr. Hoover's speech on August 11 will propose an international conference somewhat along the lines suggested by Borah. These are not exactly new or original lines, but they seem to be generally commended except by the Hearst press. Mr. Young's visit to Governor Roosevelt makes me think there is a chance of the Democratic candidate's making the suggestion first. It would be dramatic as well as sound—and, politically, it would help here by dissipating the idea that he is, in international matters, under Hearst's wing—an idea many have had since he declared against the League of Nations in response to a Hearst editorial demand.

Washington. T. R. B.

# Deep South Notes

## II: Rosedown

YOU MUST pass a number of plantations, Belle Helène, Chatsworth, Asphodel, Hickory Hill and others, before the road north from Uncle Sam's brings you to Rosedown. Rosedown Plantation, with its three thousand acres, is a few minutes out of the town of St. Francisville, in one of the Feliciana parishes, East or West Feliciana, I forget which, almost on the Mississippi line. The house was built in 1835. Though by no means the oldest, it is considered the finest of the Louisiana plantations.

Any average note could only shadow the memories of Rosedown. Any account will only turn it irresistibly toward the stereotyped, those broad lands, the slaves, the beautiful belle, the columns, and all the rest of the well known Southern farrago. In this case the excellent and nearly perfect is automatically forced toward the conventional, the popular tradition that everybody accepts and nobody quite believes. Anything you say of Rosedown will lose by the dimmed glamor of fake instances, and will provide merely an example of what seems stale. But what is stale in such cases is not the thing itself, when the thing is true and right, but the words and sentiment so long and vapidly applied and the reactions of the mediocre to what has swollen and sung itself to tosh and twaddle. I am half-defeated at the start, then.

And yet Rosedown speaks for itself and for the general legend of its kind: the acres are really there, the slave quarters are there, the garden is there, the moss, the camellias, gardenias and the nowadays more publicized and less beautiful azaleas; and while all these are proving that the belle was rich, the portrait of her by Sully—an artist

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There were two of these belles, in fact; and I suppose I may be allowed to speak of the Miss Eliza who grew up at Oakley, a neighboring plantation house built thirty years before Rosedown. Audubon was her tutor and lived in her father's house for some time. His portrait of her, as a young girl, hangs in the hall at Rosedown. This young lady, despite whatever tutelage she had enjoyed, resolved matters by eloping with a young man who, in the midst of ferry complications or something of that sort, carried her in his arms across a rushing stream and so contracted a pneumonia from which he died a few weeks later. Eliza some time after married again and became the mistress of Rosedown Plantation. We hear of yearly trips to Saratoga, to which she would set out with her servants and trunks and carriages in June, returning to Rosedown early in September. It was her daughter who married Mr. Bowman, the father of the present owners. Mr. Lyle Saxon tells us this in his book on Old Louisiana and Miss Bowman, sitting there on the porch in the full sweetness of the garden, tells me charmingly about the place and the family and about my own great-great uncle, whose plantation was nearby, and about my cousin, the last of his blood left in the parish. He is, however, not very sociable, she says, or so it seems, for he has not been to see them at Rosedown for a long time. When I hear this I think, looking about me, down the box walks and the long avenue of the drive and the sunlight falling through on the marble vases and statues, that this is very strange in my cousin.

Her grandmother and grandfather when they were married went to Europe for their honeymoon, making really a year of it, Miss Bowman says, yes, indeed, they were like that. It was then that they bought the curtains and furniture and ordered the candelabra, chandeliers, mirrors and appliques and china and silver and carpets and wall-papers, and chose the classic statues and vases, and arranged for the figures of the four continents facing the house, at the end of the live-oak avenue. These are not water oaks, you see, such as you find in Louisiana, these are live oaks; the acorns were sent from Charleston and her grandmother planted them with her own hands, which perhaps we had best take as meaning that she leaned prettily down, dropping the acorn into the hole a gardener had made. These are now the avenue, as you see, yes, indeed. On the return from that journey over Europe, her grandmother had seen a play in New York for which the whole background was painted with roses. The name of the play was "Rosedown," and when she came back home, to the new house and to the garden which the artist they had sent over from Paris was laying out for them, she called it Rosedown, for the play you see.

These and many other things you can hear, but it is necessary to tell that much at least as an approach to the particular quality of Rosedown, which has something that any fine architect recognizes at once and knows must proceed from within outwards, exactly as the average architect does not know and cannot achieve, though he thinks he can as he launches forth on manor houses and villas in this style or that. The quality here at Rosedown is that of a retreat, a lovely and secret place, not too large in its effect, subtly revealed, strangely formal and domestic, spacious extravagance, never beyond taste. You have the sense, all together, of love, romance and habitation, solid family living, without which silliness might have arisen, the triviality that so many middle-class attempts today present.

The house itself, white, with green shutters, is in the neo-classic style of its epoch; but the fluted columns of the front gallery are smaller than was usual, and the columns on the porches at each side of the house are smaller still. On the porch to the left there are but two columns, the porch itself would be called a stoop almost. The porch to the right has four columns of this same smaller size; though to the rear of it and only slightly separated is another porch to a kind of rear wing that has small square pillars, in a most delicious variation of the architectural design. The whole air of the house has, in fact, this character of easy and free variation combined with assurance and private taste, but with nothing of waywardness or vulgar show of independence. It is all perfect with itself, with the garden, the trees and the country; but is such as cannot be conveyed with words, and very little better with photographs.

The house varies from the general plan of the neo-classic in the South by being more flowing and personal. The transition from room to room is more flexible and charming. The rooms themselves are smaller, with lower ceilings, a scaling down that carries through all the elements of the design with the happiest and most elusive success. All the first belongings of the house remain, the famous elephant edition of Audubon, the screen embroidered by Martha Washington, the albums of engravings, the books, the ornaments and furniture. The drawing-room has white walls, a black marble mantel, curtains of rose-red satin-and-velvet brocade; the mahogany of rosewood furniture is covered with dark red velvet, the carpet is red. In the dining-room are three Sully portraits, two of them the best Sullys I have seen. The Audubon portrait in the hall reminds you of Ingres somewhat in the drawing, but drier and harder.

The garden, as we might expect, has not been so well preserved as the house; only a great fortune could keep such a garden intact, and this country is no longer rich. The design is very rich and extensive, the whole use of flowers and green romantic and beautiful. Along the avenue of live oaks high overhead, hanging with moss, from the gate to the house, are pedestals with classic statues copied in white marble, not free garden copies and not baroque garden sculpture, but, in accordance with Mid-Victorian taste, copies up to museum standards. Vases in white marble, fluted, adorn the section of the garden that makes a sort of court in front of the house, and this court itself is introduced by statues of the four continents; something about them is still touched with the high, artificial fancy of Louis XV's epoch. The air, this long summer afternoon, is languid and waiting, despite the birds everywhere, the glint on dark, clear leaves, the white light of the columns and walls. Through the trees you catch a glimpse of the summer-house in blue lattice, mortised, without a nail, and after so many years no part of it warped or slanting. On the left, not far from the statue of America, with her marble feathers, Indian features and air of a court lady, is a little building, white, with four fluted columns,

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# "1789-1932"

*We publish below the prize-winning editorial in The New Republic's college contest in writing. The author has completed his sophomore year at the University of Michigan, specializing in English Composition.*—THE EDITORS.

ON THE seventh of March, 1932, in a modern suburb St. Antoine, called Dearborn, the storming of the Bastille was reënacted.

But what a sad commentary it provided on the meekness of today's revolutionary spirit! While the feudal-ridden Parisians had at least the courage and good sense to arm themselves before their attack, our capitalist wage slaves went forth with nothing more formidable in their possession than hands begging to be put to work. And where the patriots of 1789, in their assault upon the medieval prison, struck out for freedom, for the complete removal of the last traces of their hereditary serfdom, our serfs of the machine begged only to be put back in chains, to be given a job, to be returned to the Bastille.

The governors of the Dearborn Bastille had announced some weeks before, as part of their publicity campaign to interest prospective buyers in their new-model automobile, that early in March men would be taken on the pay roll, would be permitted to go back to work. This announcement was headlined in the newspapers and featured over the radio; consequently it is not surprising that some were gullible enough to believe it and, when a quarter of March had rolled by, to wonder why the promise was not fulfilled. Nothing was more natural than that they should visit the Ford Bastille and get the answer at first hand.

Before they could approach the walls of the fortress to deliver their petition, tear-gas bombs were hurled at them by the Dearborn municipal police. They plodded on nevertheless. Streams of icy water turned on them could not slow their march. To the aid of the Dearborn police came allies, more avowedly but none the less surely in the pay of the grim Bastille—the Ford private police. The paraders, drenched, eyes smarting, but determined, had forged to the very gates of the fortress when shooting began. The first round went harmlessly over the head of the petitioners. There was no further waste of ammunition. Succeeding bullets tore, with deadly accuracy, into the human mass.

How did the rebels retaliate? With stones. Surely the shades of '89, '48 and '71 must have twisted in their graves. To answer bullets with stones!

Yet, what else was there to do? They had no arms. One does not bear a gun when seeking a job. They did not even carry pikes, as the stormers of the old Bastille are said to have done. Their only weapons lay at their feet: stones that, in final desperation, they snatched from off the ground. They had the presumption to ask for a job. They left the record of the answer they received behind them after their inglorious retreat. It was, tersely, "Four dead; thirty wounded."

It is obviously unfair to the Parisian revolutionaries to compare this ineffectual, ill mannered incident with their history-making achievement. Yet, in a large sense, there are parallels. The storming of the Bastille marked the point where the people first realized that their misfortunes were not due to poor harvests and acts of God, but to the decay of the social system under which they lived. The masses were at last conscious that feudalism had survived its usefulness. In like manner a parade to the Ford plant, rather than to a city hall or White House, is an indication that our present-day proletarian for the first time realizes who is to blame for his misery: not the abstract symbol and scapegoat called government, but the entire capitalistic system as exemplified in the thousands of privately owned Bastilles throughout the world. And if, on the morning of March 7, the worker was not fully convinced that capitalism, too, has survived its usefulness, certainly the bullets he received, as the sole argument to the contrary, must have effected this conviction.

Here, we must sadly agree, all similarity between the events of March 7 and those of July 14 comes to an end. Bad as were the conditions under which the French commoner suffered, they could not stifle his love of liberty to the extent of thwarting all efforts at conscious revolt. He at any rate captured his Bastille. But the wage slave under capitalism is so beaten, so subdued, that the noblest effort to which he can aspire amounts to little more than a reminder to the gaolers of the fact of his existence.

To be sure, we know that the parade was organized by a political party for the purpose of creating martyrs, with no other immediate objective in view. But the pity of it is that the worker will suffer himself to become merely a martyr, will strive for nothing more. Revolutions are not won by martyrs. Sheep never revolt, and today's proletariat are little more than sheep.

The fact that capitalists, in fear for their property, are willing to descend to the butchery of sheep, speaks the strongest argument for the contention that capitalism, like feudalism in 1789, is suffering the final pains of complete decay. It was Karl Marx who said, in his report on the Paris Commune: "The civilization and justice of bourgeois order come out in lurid light whenever the slaves and drudges of that order rise against their masters. Then this civilization and justice stand forth as undisguised savagery and lawless revenge. Each new crisis in the class struggle between the appropriator and the producer brings out this fact more glaringly."

No one has the temerity to compare the massacre outside the walls of the Ford Bastille with that following the siege of Paris. Yet, in the light of relative amount of provocation in each instance, it was quite as brutal, quite as ruthless.

ARTHUR CLIFFORD.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## Real Estate Bonds Again

SIR: During the past fortnight a real-estate bondholders' protective committee was formed of which the Honorable Samuel Seabury is chief counsel. Reports have gone through the press all over the country indicating that Mr. Seabury in a quasi-public capacity is now going to conduct an investigation into the real-estate-bond situation, the announcements suggesting that large sums would be recovered for the bondholders. Judge Seabury's committee is now only the sixth real-estate bondholders' protective committee organized in New York City for the purpose of dealing particularly with defaulted issues of S. W. Straus and Company.

On May 23 of this year a committee (the fifth in order of suc-

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Defaulted Real Estate Bonds," of which E. C. Delafield, a vice-president of the National City Bank, is chairman. After the original call for bonds and/or certificates of deposit, it took me practically one month to obtain a copy of the deposit agreement and, upon studying it, I find that the compensation and expenses for the committee and counsel are to be fixed by the committee with the sole proviso that the amount "shall not exceed 5 percent of the principal amount of the bonds deposited; the committee to have a lien on the bonds deposited up to that amount." Assuming that this committee could induce holders of $300,000,000 (which is only a fraction of the bonds in default) to turn their securities over to this committee, it would take $15,000,000 out of the bondholders' pockets in addition to the charges which might properly be made by the original committee which called the bonds.

The Seabury committee now comes forward with another lengthy deposit agreement of fifty-three pages which will probably never be seen by the great majority of bondholders, and if seen, never understood. The committee and counsel for this committee are, according to its terms, entitled to reasonable compensation, but what is "reasonable" rests solely with the self-appointed committee, unless 25 percent of the depositors file a notice of dissent within twenty days. The members of the committee know that this can never take place, especially when they provide in Section 4 that

> No depositor shall have the right to obtain a list of the other depositors or to examine the records of the committee or the depositary.

As to the adoption of any plan of reorganization, this too rests solely with the committee. The bondholders, under the Seabury deposit agreement, will never have an opportunity to be heard. The only right allowed them in the agreement is to file their objections with the depositary. But since this agreement further specifies that every plan made by it is to become *final* within twenty days unless "depositors representing a majority in principal amount of the deposited securities of such issue or issues shall so file a notice of dissent from such plan or agreement" with the depositary, the right becomes a pure fiction. For it is reasonably clear to any rational being that it is physically impossible to obtain a majority within twenty days and it becomes but an empty phrase in view of Section 4 referred to above.

Section 9 of the deposit agreement recites that "the committee and the depositary, their officers, agents and attorneys, shall be released from all liability and accountability of every kind, character or description whatsoever to depositors" unless the impossible majority institutes action.

And so, clause by clause, the entire "Seabury" deposit agreement is vicious, and, in view of the truly deplorable state of real-estate bonds is a document to which no truly public-spirited citizen should lend his name.

The only fair deposit agreement which I have encountered in my long experience in connection with real-estate-bond reorganizations is that of the committee in the G. L. Miller and Company case, which was prepared under the supervision of the Honorable Julian W. Mack, Judge of the United States Circuit Court. This deposit agreement provides that every plan approved by the committee should be sent to all bondholders; that a day be set for a hearing before Judge Mack at which *any single* bondholder could voice his objections, after which Judge Mack then decided whether or not the plan should be adopted. It is interesting to note that plan after plan was so changed, often upon the objection of only one or two small bondholders. In one case, I remember, such objection obtained a settlement of 95 percent in cash, instead of a distribution of cash and securities proposed by the committee which had no greater value than 60 percent.

The Miller case clearly demonstrates the fact that justice to the bondholder rests not with any committee but in the creation of a tribunal before which every plan can be judged and any single bondholder have his day in court. It is absolutely unnecessary to have this multiplicity of committees. Only a plan such as the above will prevent a condition which is rapidly bordering upon "racketeering" among many of our outstanding law firms in this city.

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is not paramount in the eyes of the organizers of these committees.

New York City. BERNARD J. REIS.

[Mr. Reis's letter was submitted in advance of publication to Judge Seabury, who was invited to make a statement regarding it for simultaneous publication. This he declined to do.

From sources close to Judge Seabury The New Republic learns, however, that, according to the terms of the deposit agreement, it is planned to notify each depositor in writing of the proposed fees at least twenty days before they are to be paid to the committee or counsel. The same communication will notify the depositor of his right to object if he regards the proposed fees as excessive.

Any depositing bondholder who is not satisfied with the proposed terms of a plan of reorganization has the right to withdraw his deposited securities, thereby rendering the plan not binding upon him. The provision that a proposed plan shall become effective unless a majority of the bondholders shall dissent within twenty days is intended, we understand, to prevent obstructionist tactics by one bondholder or a small group of them when a plan is satisfactory to the majority.

It is pointed out that the reason for keeping the list of bondholders confidential is to prevent such a list from being used for ulterior purposes. The Committee has not said that it will refuse the right to inspect the list to a bondholder if satisfied that he wishes to see it for legitimate purposes.

These facts do not, in our opinion, render this deposit agreement so efficient in protecting the bondholder as was the procedure in the Miller case. Much depends on the character and judgment of the men composing the committee.—THE EDITORS.]

## Group Study of Social Credit

SIR: Will any readers who would be interested in forming a group for the study of the Douglas Social Credit proposals kindly communicate with the undersigned, 1109 Sterling Avenue, Berkeley, Calif.

Berkeley, Calif. E. H. HILL.

## World Congress against War

SIR: The cripples of the last war are still with us. Government hospitals are still filled with maimed, blinded, gas-burnt men whose youth and health will never return to them.

Yet war-mongers are at this moment making preparations for another conflict which will dwarf the horrors of the last war. This time airplanes will spray "the dew of death" over civilian populations as well as over combatant armies. Cannon primed, decks cleared, the American Fleet is ready for action in the Pacific. While Chinese men, women and children are rotting in fresh graves and Japanese mothers are mourning their sons bullet-riddled in an "unofficial" war, France, England and the United States continue to send ammunitions to Japan.

Romain Rolland appeals to the American people to join unequivocally the ranks of those who are willing to fight against war. Right now the American committee, composed of well known Americans, is doing its utmost to send to the World Congress against War a powerful delegation representing organized labor, peace organizations, students and teachers. Together with this delegation others from Europe will meet on August 20, for the purpose of formulating a worldwide plan to resist war before the militarists overwhelm us with a sudden declaration of hostilities.

An American delegation must be sent to the Congress; a delegation which will be strong enough to mobilize the entire American people to chain the hands of the militarists, to muzzle the cannon of war.

You are forced to contribute heavily to help the government build battleships, and to manufacture poison gas for the destruction of mankind. Are you willing to contribute for a powerful movement to resist war?

Let us have your answer today—and please send whatever amount you can spare. Please make checks payable to the American Committee and send to Room 1811, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. MALCOLM COWLEY, Secretary,

# Babylonia

*Semitic Mythology, by Stephen Herbert Langdon. The Mythology of All Races. Boston: Marshall Jones and Company. 454 pages. $10.*

HOW MANY poets of our day have brought mystery and grandeur into their verse by evoking the most dominating of civilizations! "And all man's Babylons strive but to impart The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart." "Oh, light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken wings." "The Babylonian starlight brought A fabulous, formless darkness in." It is not merely because they are referring to something beyond our ken that a sense of mystery and grandeur is carried over to us. It is as if the wonder that a savage or a countryman feels at the sight of streets and buildings and public works revives in us at the mention of the first of the great city-civilizations—as though we felt an astonishment that belongs to a racial memory. The Babylonians themselves seem to have had a like feeling about their metropolises, and if their epic Gilgamish reflects the surprise of the metropolitan on first encountering savage man, it reflects also their own sense of the marvelousness of the city with its temples and palaces, its bread and beds. Astronomy and astrology, arithmetic and divination, had their beginnings in Babylon, and the Second Isaiah exults as much over the destruction of its profane learning as over the crippling of its military and political power. "Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee; and thou hast said in thine heart, 'I am, and none else beside me.' . . . Stand now with thine enchantments, and with the multitude of thy sorceries, wherein thou hast labored from thy youth. . . . Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee." Its libraries and observatories were as much an amazement as the walls and towers and brazen gates that made Herodotus so eloquent when he examined the shell of the great civilization that was Babylon.

One thinks of it as the most burthened of all the civilizations. Everything is ponderous—the buildings, the sculptures, the religion, the tablets and script, the men even—these kings and priests seem to have a greater bulk and to move more heavily than the men of other civilizations. Their literature is weighted with curses. It is as if this primeval state was like a primeval creature and had to armor itself. Then a simpler and more mobile world seems to come into existence with the fall of that ponderous, long enduring civilization: the Persian carvings, the Hebrew psalms, are in a freer world than the Babylonian sculptures and hymns. This people seem to have had the burthen of a feeling that chaos was close to them—the greatest expression of the Babylonian mind in literature, I presume, is the epic of the conquest of chaos by their divine hero.

"Semitic Mythology" is not a history of the Babylonian mind—such could not be written—but it gives indications of what that kind of history might contain. The subject of this book is a vast one: the mythology of all the Semite peoples with that other mythology which the Semitic Babylonians restated—the mythology of the Sumerians. It is Professor Langdon's argument that Babylonian mythology and ritual influenced the religion of all the western Semites and gave the Hebrews the accounts that have a cosmic significance—the creation, the human attempt to gain the fruit of immortality, the flood. However, reading these in Professor Langdon's translations from the Babylonian documents, one has to say that in the Hebrew the whole spirit is changed: nothing that has any of the spiritual significance of the stories in Genesis is in the Babylonian accounts. If the Babylonian priests taught the Hebrews about the beginning of the world and human history, it is possible that the Hebrew captives taught them something that spiritualized the later developments of their religion.

This religion was developed by the Semitic Accadians out of the beliefs of the first dwellers in Mesopotamia, the Sumerians, and it had an immense pantheon. "A simple list of their deities would fill a large volume and contain more than five thousand names," Professor Langdon states. Moreover,

> By giving special names to the diverse functions of each deity the theologians obtained an enormous pantheon, and by assigning special functions of the three great gods to their sons, and again giving special names to their functions, the parent tree became a forest of gods and minor deities. In addition to this, at an early period the constellations, fixed stars and planets were identified with various deities. Astral names were, therefore, invented for each deity, which added a very large number of names to the pantheon. . . . Each of the great deities received as many as fifty to a hundred different names, and they had their attendants and courts in Heaven or in the lower world, wherever mythological fancy placed their abode. They had their musicians, messengers, counselors, bakers, butlers, barbers, gardeners, throne-bearers, priests of sacrifice, watchmen, shepherds, commissioners, envoys, boatmen, sword-bearers, wizards, gatekeepers, charioteers, etc.

But Professor Langdon regards it as established that the religion of the Semite peoples and the religion of the Sumerians began in monotheism. Toward the end of their civilization the Babylonian priests were creating a cult that would have the effect of restoring monotheism—theology was getting back to the intuitions that were in mythology, and the wheel was coming to its full circle. However, the sophisticated monotheism of the Babylonian schoolmen was a different thing from the simple belief of the Semitic herdsmen or the Sumerian agriculturists.

The story of the Sumerian Tammuz, the youthful deity who dies with the dying vegetation, who is wept for by his sister Ishtar, had taken possession of the western Semitic world:

> This myth, and the theological dogmas and mystic beliefs founded upon it, were of universal appeal and found response in the souls of all men. It is the greatest of all ancient myths and appealed to the poor and humble, to the toilers and distressed, more than all the glamor of warlike gods who shook Heaven and Earth with their Word and founded their abodes in Heaven and the Abyss.

But the priests and the rulers of Babylon favored another god—Marduk, the Bel who was champion and hero. Toward the end of their civilization they had given the role of Tammuz to Bel—it was he who was slain and who descended into the lower world. "They were zealous for their god. He must also become Tammuz the martyr, victorious over death, and so they thought to secure for him the adoration and love of humanity hitherto bestowed upon the dying god." Marduk-Tammuz, then, was to have been the center of a monotheistic religion.

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minded than the Egyptian, Greek or Eddic creation stories, and it bears the impress of late and reflective thinking. The Babylonian myth-maker distinguished the powers of chaos from the gods of order in much the same way that Keats distinguished the Saturnian from the Apollonian gods—by their disregard of harmony. The gods troubled their repose by singing:

> Their way has become grievous to me,
> By day I find not peace, by night I sleep not.
> I will destroy and confound their ways.
> Let tranquillity reign and let us sleep, even us.

The singing of the gods is the first effort toward order; the complaint of the powers of chaos is in the name of that inertness that opposes itself to the effort toward order. When the first confrontation of the gods of order with the powers of chaos comes, the gods subdue them with a spell. But this is not a conquest, and the chief of the powers of chaos prepares to destroy the gods. Something more than spells has to be used to save the gods of order; heroic effort is called for. It is then that Marduk strives as a hero against Tiamat and her powers, destroys them and organizes the universe.

This myth, or an earlier version of it, had an influence on the Hebrew account of creation. There is no surprise in learning this, but it is surprising to hear that in its latest form the myth was influenced by the speculations of the Ionian philosophers. We think of the Greeks as belonging to our world, and of Tiamat and her monsters of chaos as belonging to a world outlandishly apart from ours. But we are assured that the Babylonian myth of a watery chaos has connection with Ionian speculation about water being the primordial element.

The series dealing with the mythology of all races is now near its completion; only one of the twelve projected volumes remains to be published; the scholars who carried out the task and the publishers who coöperated with them are to be thanked and congratulated. This volume dealing with the early beliefs of the races who gave us the three great Western religions is the most interesting that has appeared. The translations of the hymns and of parts of the Babylonian epics extend our interest in ancient poetry.

PADRAIC COLUM.

# Asia: Red, White and Yellow

*The Tinder Box of Asia, by George E. Sokolsky. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 380 pages. $2.50.*

*Problems of the Pacific, 1931, edited by Bruno Lasker. University of Chicago Press. 558 pages. $5.*

*Conflict in the Far East, 1931-1932. New York: American Council, Institute of Pacific Relations. 47 pages. $.25.*

*Economic Rivalries in China, by Grover Clark. New Haven: Yale University Press. 132 pages. $2.*

HERE ARE three books and a pamphlet, all of them dealing with the Far East, and each of them making its own contribution toward the understanding or possible settlement of the present crisis.

Among them, Mr. Sokolsky's book will be the most interesting to the public. Its title, "The Tinder Box of Asia," belies its contents. Above all, it is an unprejudiced factual study of the unique problem of China in world politics, compressing more solid information into its pages than half a dozen ordinary books. The earlier chapters are chiefly [illegible] the field covered is immense at his disposal will find this brief study most rewarding.

sequent brevity of treatment. To the general reader, however, this may well be an advantage. Perhaps the most felicitous bit of summarizing is the six-page discussion of extraterritoriality. The central chapters draw an intimate picture of the internal political alignments in China and Japan. No one but Mr. Sokolsky could have written the brilliant analysis of Chinese politics in 1930-1931, based as it is upon his first-hand contacts with the Nanking leaders during this period. The Japanese section, however, might have laid more emphasis on the desire of the militarists to develop Manchuria as a national asset without regard to the effect of such development on vested capitalist interests in Japan itself—a policy likely to result in further political struggle at home.

Though recognizing the potentialities of the League as an instrument of peace, Mr. Sokolsky does not hesitate to criticize certain of its recent activities. He particularly deplores the fact that League representatives in China were unable to keep from being involved in Chinese politics; and he questions whether the League is yet "ready to risk a trial of strength by challenging the current imperialistic system anywhere and everywhere," *i. e.*, in so far as this system involves the Western powers as well as Japan. This section also offers an enlightening critique of American policy in the Manchurian dispute, stressing the delicate position which the United States now occupies. The final chapter, on Communism in China, is the first adequate statement in English both of the strength and the constructive aspects of the Chinese revolutionary movement.

The second book, "Problems of the Pacific, 1931," records the proceedings of the fourth conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. Meeting at Shanghai last autumn, shortly after the outbreak of Sino-Japanese hostilities in Manchuria, the Institute faced a searching test of its ideal of full and frank discussion of Pacific issues, and faced it successfully. The conference dealt chiefly with the general topics of China's economic development and international relations. Under the first head, five chapters of the present volume are devoted to rural reconstruction, industrial development, foreign loans and investments, silver and currency, and communications; under the second, three chapters deal with extraterritoriality, inland and coastal navigation, and the future of Shanghai. The book as a whole combines factual information with carefully defended national positions on disputed issues.

The most vital of the round-table discussions took place on the subject of diplomatic machinery in the Pacific, owing to the fact that the Manchurian crisis presented a live "case" for consideration. In this connection, several constructive suggestions were brought forward. The need for a permanent Sino-Japanese Commission, analogous to the Canadian-United States International Joint Commission, was convincingly argued. Had such a commission existed in 1930-1931, it might have gone far to remove that accumulation of vexatious Manchurian issues which ultimately led to overt conflict. Other suggestions were concerned with the possibility of setting up a permanent Far Eastern organ of the League.

A recent pamphlet prepared by the staff of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations gives a clear, readable interpretation of the significant issues brought to the fore by the Far Eastern crisis. Its discussion of America's economic stake in China, and of the economic interests of Russia, Japan and China in Manchuria, is particularly illuminating. The lay reader with a minimum of

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China supplies unexpected evidence of Chinese ability to resist foreign economic penetration. Whereas, in 1900, the struggle for economic advantage in China lay chiefly among the various foreign powers, by 1930 it was primarily between the Chinese on one side and the foreigners as a whole on the other. This change holds true of railways, banking, mines and factories and, to a lesser extent, of shipping and foreign trade. It is particularly noteworthy in connection with railway construction and government finance. The chief additional railways built in China since 1925 have been financed by Chinese capital. No recent foreign loans have been contracted by China, but since 1927 the Nanking government has floated a series of domestic loans which now aggregate nearly $400,000,000.

These facts, of course, testify merely to the growing importance of the Chinese bourgeoisie. The emergence of such a class does not at all serve to ameliorate the economic plight of China's industrial or agrarian masses; it only exchanges an external for an internal agency of exploitation. The callousness of the Kuomintang dictatorship at Nanking, resting on the power of the Shanghai bankers, has been in part responsible for the rise of the Chinese Communist movement, which now embraces nearly one-sixth of China's area and population. The mass of statistical data incorporated in this volume, though admittedly incomplete in certain important respects, is of the utmost value.

T. A. Bisson.

# Remedies for a Sick World

*British Trade and Industry, Past and Future, by G. D. H. Cole. New York: The Macmillan Company. 490 pages. $5.*

THIS STUDY of the economic problems of Great Britain and the world has extraordinary merits. It presents a vast array of complicated data with rare professional skill. Its analyses are unusually keen and thorough. But its vast scope cannot even be indicated in this brief notice. There is hardly a phase, practical or theoretical, of the present economic crisis that is not subjected to a searching examination. Owing to her huge worldwide investments and her dependence upon world trade, Britain's economic fabric is closely interwoven with that of the world at large, more closely than that of any other country, and any serious attempt to arrive at a solution of her economic difficulties of necessity involves a study of the economic problems of other great nations, principally Germany and America, but also Russia and the nations of the Far East.

Mr. Cole brings to his immensely difficult task not only unusual professional skill and ability, but also an unusual attitude of mind. Although he is a Socialist, he proceeds throughout the book upon the tacit assumption that capitalism may yet endure through untold eons. His mind is free from all national or class bias; it shows not a trace of the traditional British insularity. He believes that employer and workman, bondholder and statesman, are one and all equally powerless to help in curing the world's troubles; for they are all engaged chiefly in trying to transfer their own difficulties to someone else. "A trouble which is common to the whole world demands a world remedy; and the devising of a world remedy needs a world mind. . . . A struggle to transfer burdens rather than to remove them is the surest way to instability, to war and to complete economic collapse."

It is in this spirit that Mr. Cole examines the existing difficulties; it is also in this spirit that he proposes remedies. These include: international collaboration among bankers, industrialists and governments of the leading countries; drastic revision of international capital obligations—war debts and reparations to be canceled, "other fixed money claims" to be scaled down; a determined international effort to stop the fall of prices, to raise their general level, and to deal with the problem of accumulated stocks; real disarmament, not merely to save money, but to remove the fear of another war that would explode the entire economic system; an international agreement to abandon all attempts at reducing wages, since a reduction of wages in one country forces a reduction in competing countries; a determined policy of stimulating industrial development in the leading countries; the world must come to terms with Russia; and as a corollary to these proposals, there must be a large infusion of state socialism (others might call it state capitalism) into the economic system of every important country, in order to ensure efficiency, unity of control and the possibility of international collaboration.

These being the indispensable remedies, Mr. Cole is naturally not oversanguine of their adoption. Nevertheless, he proposes them, because for the present a full-blooded socialist policy is outside the range of practical British politics. However, if they fail of adoption, he thinks it likely that the signal for a radical change will come from the collapse of the present system in Germany—"whether that collapse takes shape, in the first instance, in a 'Nazi' or a Socialist triumph." Apparently Mr. Cole, like Trotsky, regards Germany as the keystone of the existing social-economic structure in western Europe.

Herman Simpson.

# The Astounding Brontës

*Charlotte Brontë, by E. F. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 313 pages, illustrated. $4.*

ONCE you have surrendered to the spell of the "Brontë Saga," you can never wholly escape its power. Like "Wuthering Heights," it is haunting, melancholy, romantic, tragic and beautiful. It is Cinderella and it is Macbeth. It is Victorian and, at the same time, unearthly. Since Mrs. Gaskell's competent but overrated "Life of Charlotte Brontë," there has appeared a steady succession of Brontë biographies. But there was still room for a new volume, one that should be neither sentimental nor prejudiced for or against one or another of the extraordinary family, nor a mere rehashing of what had gone before—especially now since the French (Abbé Dimnet and the Romieus) have taken up the Brontës with that amazing lack of comprehension which distinguishes Gallic biographers writing on English authors.

E. F. Benson has done that book. He has based his biography on Charlotte's voluminous correspondence, checking it against the other first-hand material, ignoring or disproving the apocryphal stories which began with Mrs. Gaskell and have been increasing in volume ever since. Although sane in his treatment and scholarly in his point of view, he does not lose sight of the essential drama of one of the great stories in English literary history. To the general reader, this new biography is recommended as a work of distinction. To the Brontëite, it is invaluable.

Benson proves that Mrs. Gaskell saw, while in Brussels, the four love letters that Charlotte wrote M. Heger, but suppressed their significance. (The story of these letters, by the way, well retold here, would be incredible in fic-

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stantiated, that the relations between Charlotte and Emily during the last years of Emily's life were not confidential, were in fact distant, owing to Emily's sympathy with and Charlotte's hatred toward Branwell; owing also to the growing differences in temperament. Again, Benson brings strong evidence to bear on the mooted question of the authorship of "Wuthering Heights." That classic has been wholly attributed to Branwell, which is incredible, and even to Charlotte, which is absurd. Benson is right when he insists that if no other proof of Emily's authorship existed—and of course there are all kinds—Emily's poetry is enough. But Benson does hold, as I have always been convinced, that the unhappy brother had a hand in the work. He thinks that Branwell wrote the first two chapters and had projected the book, that Emily talked it over with him during the course of their confidences. But "his was the clay which he brought for Emily's fashioning." Certainly here is a good explanation of the faulty construction and unrelated portions of the Brontë masterpiece.

Benson's whole treatment of Branwell is not only the best but the only adequate one that we have had. And his efforts to fathom the secret of Emily are sound and valuable. Charlotte, because she revealed herself so completely, must always remain the central figure, and Benson has given her a splendid piece of interpretative biography. But he has left out something—the seasoning. We find here the slightly acrid and self-righteous Charlotte, the capable and executive Charlotte, the timid and self-conscious Charlotte, the pride, courage and sensitiveness of the woman; but we miss the brilliant girl who, in her own circle, could be so animated, satirical and witty.

FRED T. MARSH.

# Willa Cather's Homeland

*Obscure Destinies, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.*

WILLA CATHER here returns to her earlier and happiest theme, the remembered West. And yet the quality of clear country daylight and prairie sweetness does not flood these three stories as in "My Antonia" and "A Lost Lady." Some of the more recent novels have been historical narratives, which with a turn of the hand could have been excellent boys' books of the Henty type, since her source materials, the facts of true adventures, lie on the surface. Her work, to be sure, has the strong purity of bare rock, but sometimes one wishes for more, for the subtler interest of plant and branch and foliage.

The first of the stories, "Neighbour Rosicky," seems to be of the going on to his death of the husband of "My Antonia." He is a Bohemian exile, who has suffered various experiences of cities—Cheapside, Vesey Street—and now finishes out his life on a prairie farm.

The story "Old Mrs. Harris" contains the detail of middle-class life which Ruth Suckow also knows and repeats so well. It is the best of the three, and less of a literary task than they, less an assuagement of the conscience of the writer become completely professional, who must contemplate with words as much as feeling, all she has seen and heard, until finally the words come along before the feeling has matured. Old Mrs. Harris is a woman who is "put upon" by the family of her pretty daughter, with whom she lives. She is only bewildered by sympathy, for [illegible] The family has Skyline, Colorado, in an ugly frame house, too small, with a cluttered yard, they are helpless to arrange for themselves the way of life which their servants had provided in Tennessee. Grandma Harris does it all, though her feet are heavy and her breath is short. She sleeps on a couch in the corner of the playroom, and the one mercy is when the hired girl rubs her feet at night. Thus she plods on to the end, and is touchingly grateful for death. The daughter and the oldest grandchild, ruthless now, are pushing their way into the same perplexity. "When they are old, they will come closer to Grandma Harris. They will think a great deal about her, and remember things they never noticed; and their lot will be more or less like hers. . . . They will say to themselves: 'I was heartless, because I was young and strong and wanted things so much. But now I know.'"

"Two Friends" is frankly nostalgic. The place is "a little wooden town in a shallow Kansas river valley," and the friends are the two business men who distinguish their community. Their feeling for each other is senselessly spoiled, and the girl who has watched it has lost something, a truth, "one of the truths we want to keep." Here in good measure is exhibited Willa Cather's deep feeling for dusty country. It is only when she is concerned to express this feeling that she makes the best use of her material:

> The road, just in front of the sidewalk where I sat and played jacks, would be ankle-deep in dust, and seemed to drink up the moonlight like folds of velvet. It drank up sound, too; muffled the wagon wheels and hoofbeats; lay soft and meek like the last residuum of material things—the soft bottom resting-place. Nothing in the world, not snow mountains or blue seas is so beautiful in moonlight as the soft, dry summer roads in a farming country, roads where the white dust falls back from the slow wagon wheel."

HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

# Book Notes

## HISTORY

AMERICA IN THE PACIFIC: A Century of Expansion, by Foster Rhea Dulles. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 313 pages. $3.50.*

This is an excellent account of American expansion on the shores and in the islands of the Pacific. It starts with the earliest beginnings of the trade with China around Cape Horn, in the first years of the Republic, and ends with the conquest and subjugation of the Philippines. The successive episodes are treated with admirable objectivity and with a full revelation of the motives of all concerned: trappers and fur kings, settling farmers, missionaries anxious for heathen souls, their descendants anxious to obtain property and power, naval officers eager for action, U. S. consuls eager for office and, alas, leading members of Congress eager to gain a price for their votes. The only valid criticism of the book is that it does not draw a clear line of demarcation between expansion for the purpose of settlement, as in Oregon and California, and expansion for the purpose of exploitation, as in Hawaii and the Philippines, but treats them both as phenomena of the same order, namely, imperialism. Yet the least consideration must disclose the essential difference between Canada and Australia on the one hand, and Egypt and India on the other. Perhaps the finest characterization of imperialism insatiable is contained in the reply of John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, to the British Minister's claim to the Columbia valley: "I do not know what you claim or what you do not claim. You claim India; you claim Africa . . . there is no spot on this habitable globe that I could affirm you do not claim; and there is none

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have to the Columbia River or its mouth." Since Adams' time, American diplomacy has hardly gained in forthright explicitness.

AN ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF EUROPE IN THE LATER MIDDLE AGES (1300-1530), by James Westfall Thompson. *New York: The Century Company. 555 pages. $5.*

This volume is a continuation of the author's "Economic and Social History of the Middle Ages." It covers such subjects of primary historical interest as the Hundred Years' War, town leagues in Germany, the Black Death, the Florentine woolen industry, class conflicts in the towns, the fiscal and economic policy of the Papacy. There are also special chapters on the commerce and industry of the various countries. To the reviewer's knowledge there is not another book like it in English language in its own special field, and it offers many suggestive hints to the student of general history.

## Memoirs

THE ARENA, by Shmarya Levin. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 305 pages. $3.50.*

Shmarya Levin devoted his time to furthering the Zionist cause and to teaching the traditional wisdom of the Jews. He says: "No matter how great a man's sacrifices are in behalf of an idealistic movement, he cannot contribute to it more than a fraction of what he receives from it." "The Arena," which describes the various environments with which its author contended, bears out this statement. He gave his strength, his labor, and he received a serenity which mellows the pages of his book and of his life. One learns that Zionism was a vital movement among the Jews of eastern Europe long before the startling advent of Herzl. The author's observations of pre-revolutionary Russia, and in particular of the Jewish communities in Warsaw, Grodno, Ekaterinoslav and Vilna, are illuminating to the American reader who tends to remember only the ghetto and the pogroms.

GOD AND MY FATHER, by Clarence Day. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 83 pages. $1.*

The events of this short book have to do with a pompous, irascible business man, his heaven-fearing wife, his interfering, long-winded pastors and the Episcopal God, all in the character and dress of the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Out of these events, the author has extracted a historical comedy of manners which ends hilariously with his father's flight from a tardy baptismal ceremony toward an elevated train. The laughs are there, to be had, and so too is the author's implied comment on early motor-car religion in New York City.

HINDOO HOLIDAY, by J. R. Ackerley. *New York: The Viking Press. 341 pages. $2.50.*

This wholly delightful account of a stay in India is not a travel book, but a descriptive fantasia of the Indian mind. The writer has no intention of making India realizable as a geographical entity, and it will be idle to explore the map for the native state of Chokrapur, the scene of his operations, since the name is a pure invention. The place, however, does exist, as do also the people described; the chief merit of the book is that they are described freshly, a little crazily, as in the oriental fiction of Marmaduke Pickthal, yet retain the reality of people met and things seen with the eyes. Ostensibly Mr. Ackerley went to India to act as tutor for the two-months-old son of a certain Maharajah; actually His Highness "wanted some one to love him" and to impart to him the wisdom of the West. Up to a point the author succeeded in his original task, but this is only by the way; his greater success has been to convey to us the atmosphere of comic opera out of authentic experience. The humor of this journal is infectious.

## Fiction

THREE FEVERS, by Leo Walmsley. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

The theme of this book is simply pi[illegible] Marney, the gayest and most reckless of them all; John, big, cautious, pessimistic, and the father, Henry Lunn, a natural boss who combines the best qualities of his sons. As lobster time, salmon time and cod time come around, successive "fevers" sweep over them. Mr. Walmsley, without ever falling into melodrama, uses the sea as a backdrop, storms for his biggest climaxes, and jealousy between the Lunns and the Fosdycks, a family of rival fishermen, as motivation for his characters. His complete grasp of the materials he uses, and his ability to write with graceful directness, make "Three Fevers" an extraordinarily fine story, almost perfect of its kind.

TRAFTON HELEN, by Jonathan Leonard. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.*

Taken together, Jonathan Leonard's four novels provide an experience unlike any other offered by contemporary fiction. This latest addition to his work, a neat variation on the parents-and-children theme, fits into the tradition that he has established and is carrying on single-handedly. It has wit, a quality of unexpectedness, some breathless imaginative flights, shrewd comments on human behavior. The characters are country people and city people in New England; the action is precipitated when Helen's son, expelled from preparatory school, imposes the official morality of the school on his parents with devilish cunning, breaking up their love affairs and badgering them unmercifully. The novel is much more smoothly constructed than the earlier works, the characters are more sharply differentiated, the central complication is more tangible. But the weakness remains the same: again and again dramatic potentialities seem sacrificed for a kind of mischievousness, and moments of tension seem turned aside by an unearthly malice.

## Contributors

Matthew Josephson, the author of biographies of Zola and Rousseau and of a critical study of American writers, has contributed to The New Yorker, The New Republic and to various other magazines. He is at present living on his farm in Connecticut.

Paul Blanshard, executive director of the City Affairs Committee of New York, was the floor leader of the Militants at the Socialist Convention in Milwaukee.

Renwick C. Kennedy, a native of South Carolina, has lived in eight Southern states and is at present a resident of Camden, Alabama.

Hans R. L. Cohrssen, a Geman business man at present in this country, was active as an organizer of the radical German Youth Movement. He is a lecturer, executive secretary of the Free Economics League and a contributor to German *Freiwirtschaft* papers.

Lizette Woodworth Reese is the author of "A Victorian Village," "The York Road" and several other volumes of verse including "White April," published last fall.

R. L. Burgess, who has published verse and prose in various magazines, was for nineteen years a newspaper man in California, working much of this time for the Hearst newspapers. He is at present free-lancing in New York City.

Arthur Clifford this fall begins his sophomore year at the University of Michigan. His four-act play, "1789: A Mass Play," was awarded one of the Avery Hopwood prizes given annually to student writers and will be produced in Detroit next November.

Padraic Colum, the well known Irish poet, is the author among other volumes of "Orpheus: Stories from the World's Mythologies," which was published by Macmillan in 1930.

T. A. Bisson, who for four years taught English in China and was co-editor of The China Outlook, is a specialist on Far Eastern affairs and a member of the research department of the Foreign Policy Association.

Fred. T. Marsh is a frequent contributor of reviews and articles to various periodicals.

Hazel Hawthorne, who contributed to "The Fourth Amer[illegible]

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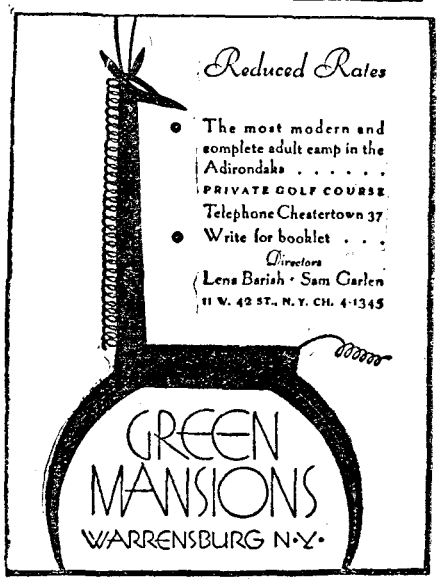


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